CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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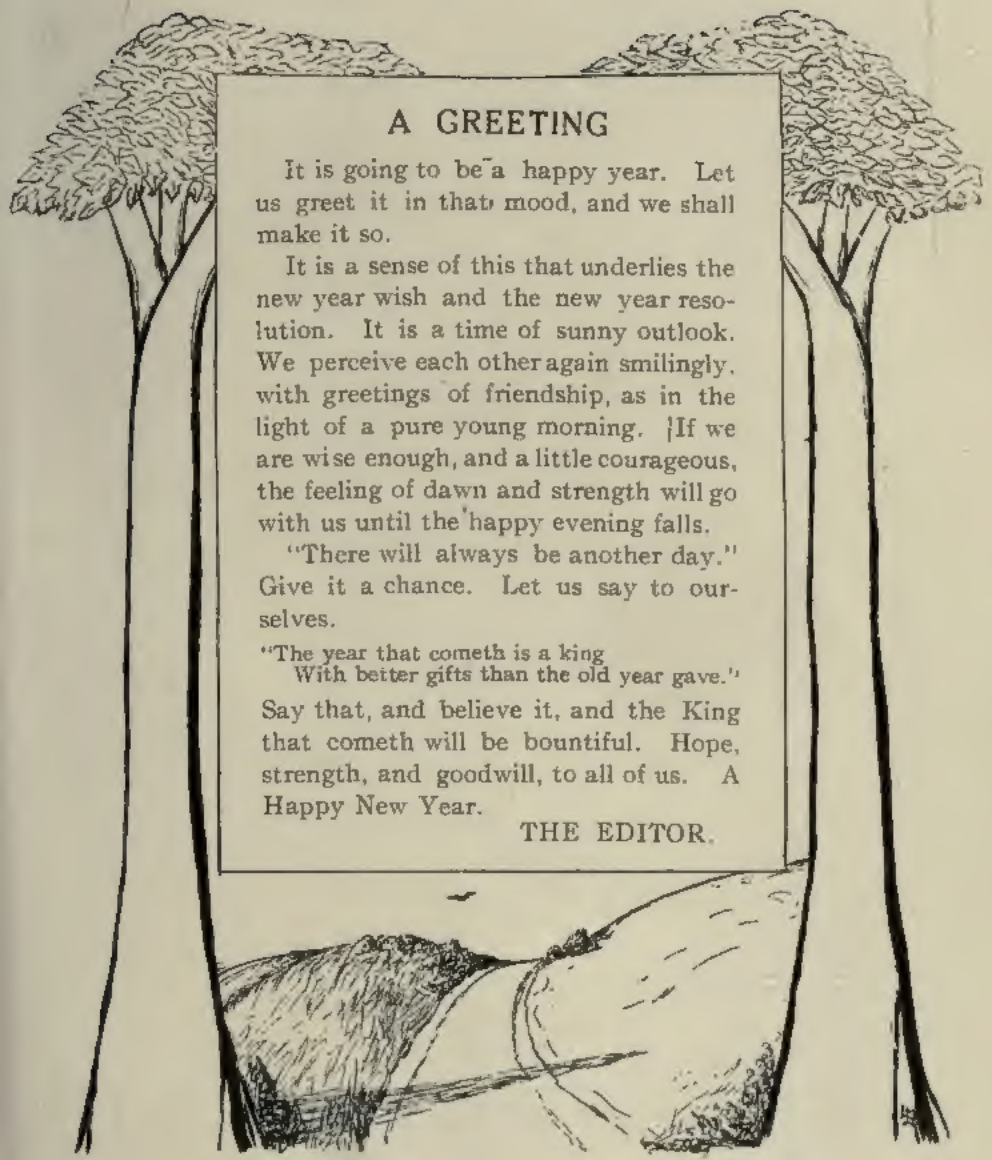


A GREETING

It is going to be a happy year. Let us greet it in that mood, and we shall make it so.

It is a sense of this that underlies the new year wish and the new year resolution. It is a time of sunny outlook. We perceive each other again smilingly, with greetings of friendship, as in the light of a pure young morning. If we are wise enough, and a little courageous, the feeling of dawn and strength will go with us until the happy evening falls.

"There will always be another day." Give it a chance. Let us say to ourselves.

"The year that cometh is a king
With better gifts than the old year gave."

Say that, and believe it, and the King that cometh will be bountiful. Hope, strength, and goodwill, to all of us. A Happy New Year.

THE EDITOR.

Drawn by F. DeForrest Schook When an Indian Forgets—see page 143

"TO-NIGHT", HE SAID, "I WASH MY SOUL IN THE MOONLIGHT WHICH IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD WHEN THE DAY SUN SLEEPS"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V. JANUARY NUMBER 3

WHEN AN INDIAN FORGETS

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

BECAUSE of the murder of one white man by another white man, in the red man's country, many Indians were summoned to testify at the trial, and it fell upon Jim Cromwell, the then free trader, to round up his "subjects" and lead them out of the British Columbia wilderness to attend the trial.

Only a few of these red men had ever seen a city, and in order to keep them from wandering from the straight and narrow trail, a sort of corral-camp was established on the outskirts of Edmonton. When the tents had been pitched, as a further precaution, to keep the red Indians in and the white Indians out, a barbed wire fence enclosed the camp.

It fell out that a travelling troupe of play-acting people was playing at the local theatre, and Jim, being big-hearted and really fond of the bush tribes, as all men are who know them, invited the Chief and all his band to occupy the front benches at the play.

Precisely as children enter a play-house for their first peep at Uncle Tom, that sweet and mellow old chestnut—these children of the wild came stumbling and blinking blindly into the brilliantly electric-lighted theatre. Like scared sheep in a chute they shuffled down the aisle and shied at the faintest touch of a drum, or the silken, sad, uncertain rustle of a skirt.

Seated, they doubled low in their places and whispered one with the other. It would be interesting if one could reproduce the thoughts of these grown-up children when they gazed for the first time upon the weird scene, the sudden brilliancy of which blurred the senses and bewildered the brain.

Many maidens of doubtful age and questionable complexion, in flesh-tinted tights and tiny timid wings, peopled the stage when the curtain rose upon the first scene. Glancing up and down the curving line the White Chief saw the awed Indians straining forward in wide-eyed wonderment, and gazing eagerly at those butterfly folk who appeared to them unreal, angelic, and bewilderingly beautiful.

The aged Chief leaned over and whispered to Jim, the "White Chief", "Spirits?" The White Chief answered that they were real folks.

"Tapwe-maka," said the red man, "so they are, so they are."

Then the orchestra struck up and the "angels" began to sing. All the red children sat motionless. The fairies began to dance and prance about the stage, which all the more charmed, awed and fascinated the Indians. Every eagle eye was glued to the stage; the very incomprehensibility of the scene holding the bush-folk helpless and hopelessly hypnotized.

The leading lady, beside whom Solomon in all his glory would seem shabby, held the old Chief as completely under her spell as if he had been in irons. The song of the singers rose and fell, grand and awful to the Indian's eye and ear, as the sobbing sea billowing into the Bay of Fundy. He followed the fawn-footed fairy in all her caperings up and down the stage as a cat follows with her hungry eyes a humming bird frolicking in a flower garden.

All the other Indians were staring straight ahead. Now the chorus swelled until it seemed to the children of the wild that all those divine creatures had gone mad.

Suddenly, from the painted forest, real to the Indians, there swarmed upon the scene an army of wild, dark, dangerous men, every one a villain of the deepest dye, and dressed to the part. The red men grasped the chair arms, shooting enquiring glances at the Chief and at Jim, their guide and interpreter. Jim said something to the Red Chief and the latter lifted his hand, silencing and reassuring his subjects.

The deep voices of the dark-haired desperadoes swelled the tumult until it was all but deafening.

Great as the tension was, the Indians would have been able to sit it out had not one of the villains, who had evidently marked the fairest of the fairies for his own, seized her by the wrist and wrung her to her knees. Even now they held their peace. Jim watched them right and left out of the corners of his quiet eyes, and when a company of red-coated Royal Northwest Mounted Police, on foot, rushed to the rescue, he thought the worst was over.

But this villain would not be denied. Although his comrades had all fled or fallen before the deadly fire of these watchdogs of the wilderness, he held tight. The beautiful lady, who had not seen the red-coats to the rescue, tore at her white throat, screamed, and sobbed out a song that would melt a heart of stone. Instead of softening, it seemed to harden the dark pirate who held her, for now, seeing himself surrounded by the horseless riders of the silent places, he whipped a great knife from his belt, grabbed the beautiful lady by the hair of her fair head, bent her frail body back, showing her white throat ready to receive the cold steel that gleamed above her.

That is just where the hired villain over-played. The old Chief had given his word, at Jim's suggestion, that no harm would come to the "spirit ladies", but what was this? They saw her blanched face, the look of terror in those angelic eyes, and heard the cries of anguish that came in broken sobs from her very soul, and every Indian leapt to his feet.

Up to this moment they had relied upon the Police to protect the fairies, but evidently they were following the traditional practice of allowing the other fellow to fire first.

Jim saw the situation instantly. If these strong men of the bush tribe crossed the footlights it would be all over with the villain in about half a minute. The White Chief threw up his hands and yelled. The villain heard the White Chief scream, and, turning his head, saw the "thin red line" just over the footlights, took in the situation, released the beautiful lady, smiled, bowed—the red line sank back in its place, and the whole scene, which covered not more than thirty seconds, was pulled off as perfectly as if it had been rehearsed for a month.

When the last act had been acted and the curtain had gone down for the last time, the White Chief asked the Red Chief if he would like to meet the beautiful lady, to hold her hand and look into her opal eyes that looked out from under her hand-painted eyebrows, and the Red Chief answered at length, as the Cree Indian always does if he goes beyond a grunt, to the effect that he would be pleased to come close and

feel the breath of her angelic wings, and more, much more, beautifully expressed in faultless Cree.

Five minutes later the old Chief stood in the presence of the beautiful lady, heard her gentle voice and felt the warmth and sunshine of her smile. She held out her white hand and he took it carefully, and when he felt its magnetic touch a strange new light burned in his small dark eyes that seemed to the White Chief to light up every curve and crevice in his furrowed face. He held her hand as though unable to let it go. He put up his left hand and was about to touch and caress her plump arm, now naked to the elbow, but changed his mind, lifted the straying hand to his own brow, passed it over his eyes, and then, as if he had broken the spell, dropped the hand which he had been holding, turned suddenly and strode from the stage without a nod, pause, or backward glance.

The White Chief thanked the beautiful lady, bowed himself out, and joined the Red Chief and the other Indians who were waiting at the door.

Side by side the Red and the White Chief marched out to the camp, followed by the entire band. When they were all within the fold the white man said good-night, which was the first word uttered by any of the party since they left the theatre. For answer the old Chief followed Jim down to the little gate, passed out and turned toward the river. Following a slight motion of the old Indian's head, a motion which the average man would not have marked at all, the white man turned, and walked beside the Indian. They passed the ancient Hudson's Bay fort and paused on the high bank that rimmed the river. Two hundred feet below, the silvery Saskatchewan made a wide and winding trail along the narrow valley. For many moments the old Indian stood in silence gazing out over the night.

Presently he raised one hand and swept the sky. Another pause, and then, slowly at first and in a low, monotonous tone, he began to speak in Cree, perhaps the most beautiful of all the Indian languages:

"It is well—all is well—when the night is ours. There burns the great white light which We-a-ka-chack has set to beckon us back from the bad to the good. To-night I wash my soul in the moonlight which is the light of the world when the day sun sleeps. It is pure, absolutely pure and leaves no stain. If we believe the story and come out of the house with its false light which confuses, and strange beauty, which, like the light, is artificial, and only makes men drunk, we get back quickly to the open trail."

He paused, and turning, faced the white man as if about to accuse him. The white moon swung higher out of the east, revealing more and more of the silver ribbon that lay below them.

Now the Indian spoke directly to the white man:

"Nephew," he began, "you have known your uncle for many years; you know your aunt."

"Yes," said the white man.

"You have seen us in our home in the heart of the wild; in summer when the rivers sang to the hills and the warm south wind shook the trees. You have seen us in the long, long winter nights; you know how we have worked together, how she trusts me and I trust her; you have seen us on the trail when the storm shook the hills—in the shadow and in the sun. And long, long years before you came to us, O nephew of mine, we were together. It is thirty snows now since we stood side by side beneath yon moon and said, one to the other, I am for you.

"In all these years, nephew, I have never forgotten that promise—never until to-night. To-night I was blinded, dazed, drunken. Her beauty is bewildering, the touch of her hand is scouta-wabon. To-night, for the first time, I forgot, maybeso for half a minute—maybe, not so long, but I forgot.

"And then, when I had escaped from the false light and come out into the real light—God's light—I felt a great shame, and I could not sleep, nephew, until I had come out here in the night, which has always been my friend, and until I had told it all to you and washed my soul in the moonlight."

THE HINDU IN CANADA

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH

First Paper

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE most talked of and the least understood man in Western Canada to-day is the Hindu

The person popularly styled by the Canadian as a "Hindu" may not be a Hindu at all. Every native of Hindustan is not essentially a Hindu any more than every Canadian owes allegiance to the Roman Pontiff. The term Hindu merely appertains to East-Indians who profess Hinduism as their religion. Only three-fourths of the population of India is Hindu by religious persuasion. The remaining one-fourth of the people subscribe to non-Hindu creeds. To refer to the non-Hindu East-Indian as a "Hindu," therefore, on the face of it is a contradiction in terms.

A WATER CARRIER IN INDIA

The folly of indiscriminately styling all East-Indians in Canada "Hindus" becomes at once apparent when it is pointed out that the number of non-Hindu East-Indians in the Dominion exceeds by far those of the real Hindus. The Sikh, who professes the religion of protest—Sikhism—and is a soldier by tradition and descent, usually classes himself as non-Hindu. The Mohammedan is likewise a non-Hindu. Either of these two denominations has more representatives in Canada than the entire Hindu community in the Dominion. In point of numbers, the Sikhs in Canada come first. The Mohammedans are a close second. The Sikhs and Mohammedans combined are probably three or four times the aggregate of the Hindus in Canada.

The assumption that all East-Indians in Canada are Hindus has been productive of many grave misconceptions. The impression prevails in Western Canada that the Hindu is caste-ridden, weakly and a hater of physical work.

Of all slanderous statements, none has been more mischievous or unmerited than the wholesale indictment of the people of India as caste ridden. The Hindu, particularly, has suffered from this false characterization. It would be foolish to attempt to deny that the institution of caste has, in many ways, held India down; but Hindustan is not the solitary country, nor the Hindu the only community, which has been cursed by caste. The snobbery of caste, in many essentials, is as virulent in London as in Bombay, and a nincompoop son of a European aristocrat is inoculated with its virus probably as much as the ruler of some obscure East-Indian principality. On the score of caste, the case against India has been made much worse than the circumstances warrant. Furthermore, the institution of caste is crumbling to pieces in India. In its more

A GROUP OF EDUCATED MOHAMMEDAN GENTLEMEN

prejudicial forms, the caste complications are rapidly disappearing there, and the East-Indian community, day by day, is becoming increasingly leavened with the spirit of democracy.

Probably the most convincing testimony that can be produced to prove the contention that the institution of caste is in the throes of death, is to point to the hundreds of thousands of East-Indians, educated and uneducated, who are sojourning outside of India. For many centuries caste and custom so regulated the lives of the people of Hindustan that it was practically impossible for them to leave their land. Foreign travel was forbidden. People who braved the conventions and travelled in foreign countries, on their return home were excommunicated from their caste.

To-day the old order of things is rapidly being transformed. The one-time caste-ridden people of Hindustan are asserting their individuality and refusing to bow down to the old-time, worn-out ideals. As an indication and fulfillment of the new spirit which has been infused into India, East-Indians are now going out of their country, to distant lands and continents, to engage in the struggle of life alongside of representatives of other races and nationalities.

The East-Indian immigrant in Canada is the last person in whose face the taunt of being caste-ridden should be flung. His very presence is an uncontrovertible proof that the man possesses vitality plus, which has enabled him to assert his mastery over hoary traditions. It also is a pledge of his desire to completely rid himself of caste prejudices. If the immigrant has a few remnants of caste feeling, he deserves sympathy and co-operation in his efforts to eradicate them.

Of the three—the Hindu, the Sikh and the Mohammedan in Canada—the first-named, relatively speaking, suffers most from the bane of caste. The Sikh religion is essentially democratic. It does away with caste feeling, at least in theory, if not in practice. The tenets of the Mohammedan religion are diametrically opposed to the institution of caste. So far as the Sikhs and Mohammedans in Canada are concerned, it may be truthfully said that they have practically no caste prejudice. The

INDIAN IMMIGRANTS AFTER LANDING IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

utmost that can be said against the Mohammedan immigrant in Canada is that he will not eat pork. His religion proscribes all preparations of hog meat; but there are many thousands of white people—representatives of another religion in Canada—whose religion prohibits pork eating, but no outcry is heard against them. Similarly, the strongest charge that can be brought against the Sikh is that he refuses to cut his hair and cast aside his peculiar head-dress—the turban. Even against the Hindu, the most that can be urged is that he will not eat with men of other races and religions. Idiosyncrasies such as these do not render the Mohammedan, Sikh or Hindu, undesirable as immigrants in Canada. These inconsequential peculiarities, instead of detracting from his desirability as an immigrant, render the East-Indian a picturesque settler. The garbs of some of the European immigrants are also picturesque, but that is not an argument against them.

The general tendency of residence in Canada is to induce East-Indian immigrants to divest themselves of all hand-me-downs of caste regulations. A number of Sikhs in the Dominion to-day have parted with their cherished long hair. They have packed away their turbans and instead of them wear ordinary hats or caps for their head-dress. It is a common thing in Western Canada to find Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans living together, and in many instances, not even hesitating to use the food cooked by one another—and yet time was in India when a Hindu or Sikh considered his food defiled if merely the shadow of a Mohammedan fell upon it.

Were there a caste feeling amongst the Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans settled in Canada which would make them war on one another, such a prejudice could not but render the immigrants, in a measure, undesirable. No such feeling, it can be asserted without fear of contradiction, exists amongst the different sections of Hindu immigrants in Canada. Instead of entertaining an unfriendly attitude towards one another, on the score of caste, the East-Indian immigrants in Canada are being impressed with the necessity of sinking racial prejudices into oblivion. The uppermost feeling in the hearts of East-Indian settlers in Canada, to-day, is co-operation, irrespective of caste, creed or color.

As a rule, the East-Indians in the Dominion do not consider manual labor beneath their dignity. In fact, the majority of them understand tacitly before coming that the only work they can possibly secure is manual labor. When the Hindu immigrants arrive in Canada, and even years after their landing, all that they desire is to work with the hands.

A GROUP OF HIGH-CASTE EAST INDIANS WHO HAVE KNOWN THE CIVILIZING INFLUENCE OF NORTH AMERICA

As to capacity for work, the Hindu, Sikh and Mohammedan immigrants in Canada are about at par with one another. The Sikh seems to have a much more vigorous and athletic build than the Hindu. The Mohammedan also appears to be the superior of the Hindu in physique. But, to the mind of the writer, the distinction, though often reiterated in the Canadian press, is invidious and more or less gratuitous.

The searching immigration officials stationed at Vancouver and Victoria, rigidly exclude the immigrant who does not possess the vitality to engage in hard physical work and make his living thereby. Amongst the East-Indian immigrants already in the Dominion the percentage of those who have weak, puny bodies, and are incapable of leading the rough life of a worker in the mill, factory, or on the railroad, is not much above the zero point.

The East-Indian immigrant in Canada has had somewhat of a difficult time in the country, not because of lack of muscular strength or disinclination to do hard, manual labor; but simply for the reason that he was unacquainted with the tools and implements of labor in common use in the Dominion. The average immigrant from India, it must, however, be remembered, is intelligent and an apt pupil. He is also so anxious to make a success of himself in Canada that he is willing to go to any amount of trouble to master the details of the new methods and render himself thoroughly efficient. There is hardly an East-Indian immigrant in North America who does not recognize the necessity — and the desirability — of "making good," to use the phrase of the times, and is not doing his level best to achieve that end. Moreover, in this connection it should be borne in mind that many of the Hindu immigrants that come to Canada, have learned the use of machinery run by steam and electricity in their own land before coming to the Western continent, and these do not have to face the difficulty

of being compelled to work with unfamiliar tools

The majority of the East-Indian immigrants come from the Punjab, the Northwestern Province of India, where the climate is much the same as in British Columbia. The immigrants, therefore, do not find much difficulty in becoming acclimated. The Sikhs, who have fought battles for the British in Northern China in mid-winter, should experience no trouble whatever in adjusting themselves to a cooler climate. The Hindus and Mohammedans, who have hitherto come to Canada, as a rule possess hardy constitutions.

Much speculation has been indulged in regarding the causes which led the East-Indian to emigrate to Canada in the first instance, and which keep him coming to the country, even in the face of opposition. The hypothesis that the railroads and corporations of the Dominion are "importing" them cannot hold water, since the writer's searching inquiries, made locally, have convinced him that no advertising campaign has been resorted to in India or the Oriental countries like the Malay Straits Settlements and China. The writer recently made diligent inquiries in many of the Oriental countries from which East-Indian immigrants hail, and supplemented these by cross-questioning hundreds of the immigrants in Western Canada in regard to the motive which induced East-Indians to emigrate to Canada. All that could be learned tended to show that the spirit of adventure led the pioneer immigrants to journey to North America. Two versions are extant of the means by which the East-Indians learned that Canada was in need of labor. Two or three Sikh soldiers averred that they were told by their army officers of the splendid opportunities existing in Canada. A Hindu, who probably was one of the earliest settlers, deposed that the foreman of the party with which he came to the country was chummy with some of the sailors of a Canadian boat plying between Vancouver and Hong Kong, and that it was from them he derived the inspiration to come to Canada

The stay-at-home characterization of the people of India, once true, is fast growing *passe*. Wedging Western influences have rendered intolerable to the East-Indian the precarious living he ekes out, with unremitting labor, from his worn-out land or decadent industry. At one time fatalistic, he is rapidly becoming impregnated with the germ of discontent. A yearning to break the shell of his limitations and seek new scenes, appears to have awakened within his breast. An inordinate desire is seizing the illiterate as well as the literate, to search for new spheres of work where richer results will crown his efforts.

The military races of Northwestern India, more than any other single class, constitute the favorite breeding ground of the emigration germ. The Sikhs of the Punjab probably furnish the largest contribution to the ranks of the emigrants. When the British Sikh soldier returns to his plough after serving a term of years in the native army, he finds it no easy matter to resume the thread of life where he left off when he enlisted as a recruit. He becomes dissatisfied and emigrates. The Russians do not object to him, although he is a British subject and has fought many of the battles of the British Empire. Before the Russo-Japanese War many Sikhs could be found in the Manchurian seaports, Dalny and Port Arthur, the trusted employees of Russian commercial firms.

East-Indian peasantry with small or no holdings constitute the other principal section which evolves men who emigrate. In a village a single person catches the contagion. His departure disturbs the village equanimity. Another becomes affected, and follows the track of the man who blazed the way. Family ties and village economy, coupled with traditional customs, however, operate on the native population in such a manner that the maxim of the East-Indian has come to be: "Half at home in preference to twice as much abroad." This regulates emigration from India and constitutes the strongest bulwark against the so-called Hindu invasion of Canada.

MORE ABOUT CANADA FAKERS

Criticism by the Fakers, for the Fakers, and of the Fakers.

BY

LAWRENCE MOTT — DONAD G. FRENCH
WILLIAM J. LONG — ANDREW IRVING
WILDAN McBRIDE — S. M. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN CANADA WEST in October first brought home the charge of "Canada Faking" against a rather long list of distinguished offenders, words were not minced, nor specification spared Mr. Arthur Stringer was sufficiently precise in his accusations to invite reply from the accused, if reply there could be, or if any intrinsic error could be shown either in the article itself, or in the position taken by this magazine

All over Canada, and in Great Britain and the United States, the exposure aroused immediate attention and comment in news and literary publications. Almost universally its justice was perceived Surprise was not uncommon that such a state of things should have continued for so long a time without protest It was exactly for that reason CANADA-WEST had taken it up, less as a thing harmful to the country than as a running irritation and a calm imputation of general ignorance on the part of the whole English speaking public.

If the accused writers or their admirers had aught to say, opportunity was open They were so informed, and invited to speak. The response has been heated but not especially to the point. The net result to date of the invitation to defend or to make counter-attack is here presented, together with a few more letters from people who know the country to be other than the nightmare land it has been so insistently misrepresented

THE DEFENSE OF THE FAKERS

THE ARGUMENT TU QUOQUE

The following letter from Mr. Lawrence Mott was written to Mr. Stringer, but was (as it states) sent at the same time to several Sunday newspapers, and therefore is public property, and usable here. It is given unedited, just as written. Mr Mott seems to feel that a knowledge of the Cree language is essential to romances of the north, and imputes an ignorance of that tongue to Mr. Stringer. At the same time his letter would seem to raise a question of the value of Cree as a literary asset in English

Twin Pine Farm.
White Plains, November 23, 1908

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to say that I have read your article, "The Canada of the Ink Wells," in to-day's *Herald* with pleasure and much amusement Of course I have no knowledge of your intimacy with the Canadian wilderness and its inhabitants —save that which you criticize in others— but I really must take exception to many of your statements—with your kind permission

In the first place, I have hunted, fished and trapped all over Northern Canada for the last fifteen years, and therefore feel that I know a "wee sma' bit about it"

It is very evident that when you write as you do about Mr. Kipling, whom the world recognizes as a past-master in the writing of human life, human *actualities* and *realities*, that you are putting yourself above the best critics in the literary world. It has been my honor to have had the opportunity to know Mr. Kipling quite well, indeed to have visited him at his home in Sussex, England, and it seems to me that when you use the term, "Snap Judgment," that you overstep both your knowledge and your understanding

But, of course, the man who has done nothing worth while knows more than the man who has! I believe that this is an old adage?

Going on farther, you attack Mr. Caspar Whitney, unjustifiably, to say the least! His knowledge of Canada is absolute, and the fact is well recognized by such men as Earl Grey and Laurier—both of whom are friends of mine, and who are keen in their praise of Mr Whitney. Might I -without being rude -ask you what experience *you* have had in REAL Canadian life? How many of the factors *you* know personally? What trips *you* have taken, and how many of them in winter behind dogs, or on snowshoes? And *where* were they taken? Have *you* trapped two winters for the Hudson Bay Company? Can *you* speak the Cree language? Can *you* name the tribes of Northern Canada from Nain, Labrador, to Kodiak Island? And finally, do you *really* know the relationship between the Crees, Ojibewas and Chippewas?

Mr. London, I chance to know, has seen many hard trips in the Hudson Bay country —as have I—and in his "Call of the Wild" and "White Fang" portrays—to any one that KNOWS the life there—excellently and vividly true

You choose to criticize Sir Gilbert Parker's "moose yard combat," and then err badly in your own description of what—to *your* mind —a moose yard *should* be! Such a yard is not an "intricate network, a wandering maze of deep tracks, or rather deep gutters . . . .

" And had you ever seen one you would know that a true "yard" is always stamped down. I have only killed twelve moose, so that it may be that your knowledge is greater than mine!

LAWRENCE MOTT

Coming down the list in your article, I find that you also attack Mr Stewart White but your diatribe is so sublimely ridiculous that it needs nothing farther to "recommend" it to those who *know* Canada

Men do "romp" in the Northern country, and "romp" a long way! I have made trips with my Indians where neither canoe, nor portage was used. From Missanabie to Moose Factory is not a long pull, and I have done it in summer and in winter

To come still farther down the list, I take umbrage at your criticism of one of my stories, viz.: "The Silver Fox". In your article you ask: "Why this extremely hungry gentleman did not stop and dine on Silver Fox?" Had you half read the tale, or *understood* it, you would have known that the man died of cold and the fear resulting from the knowledge that he was lost

The "over-maligned North" is so made by certain people who do not know of which they write, and who choose to deliberately criticize men that have lived the hardships, experienced the dangers, and who are keen for the North Land always. You say, "The flower of man's spirit is his adaptability to circumstance". I answer: Pray adapt yourself to your own level so far as criticizing Kipling, Parker, White and London.

A copy of this letter goes to the Sunday Editors of several papers

Yours,

LAWRENCE MOTT

ONE ON MR. STRINGER?

Mr. Wildan McBride was not included among those who have sinned against the truth. His stories have been faithful to fact in locality, conditions in life, and character-work But being himself a painstaking writer, he has fallen foul of Mr. Stringer in some matters of detail, which are in no way concerned with the essential point at issue. Here is Mr. McBride's letter:

TO THE EDITOR.—It is strange that a writer of the skill and experience of Mr Stringer should require to be reminded of the old, old advice, "verify your quotations." I am certain Kipling will not accept Mr Stringer's challenge to show him where in Canada the blood root shows "white against the draggled drift," for the very good reason that Kipling wrote "green" If the years since then have not seen the destruction of the Ontario woods I once knew, I can show Mr. Stringer where the blood root grows just as it is pictured by Kipling

Alas! I loaned my Kipling and I cannot now procure a copy of "The Seven Seas" in our principal book store, so, despite the good advice of this old saw, let me quote from memory

Green against the draggled drift,
Fair and frail and first,
Blood-veined Northern blood root
[illegible] where you were nursed
Round the logging road,
Wistful Come to me,
Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free
All the winds o'Canada call the ploughing rain
Take the flower and turn the hour and kiss your love again

Cannot you see the picture, Mr. Stringer? I have run the Ontario woods as a boy, and consider this an etching of great delicacy and truth to nature. For these lines Kipling

REAL INDIANS OF THE NORTH

Three generations in one family all born on the Peace River Puzzle: Find the forbidding desolation

deserves our love and our gratitude. If he did sin in "Our Lady of the Snows," these lines should atone therefor. In any case, I never could see what there was to raise a fuss about in this poem. Our pet over it seemed to me to indicate that we are still very young and painfully self-conscious What if it does not tally with our real estate advertisements? Is it not true and beautiful also? I am the more surprised at Mr Stringer joining in the dead hue and cry, for the reason that I have grounds to think that he has idled a summer hour in the pretty village of Notre Dame des Neiges, on the West Mount at Montreal, has tobogganed on the Park slide near by and gone on raquettes to Lumkins at Outremont. He will know the French legend about Notre Dame des Neiges French Canada thought it a pretty and appropriate name, but what a crime it was for Kipling to transfer it to all Canada! Pray what would Canada be without her snows? But even conceding Kipling's sin in seizing on the salient feature of our climate, why accuse him of sins he did not commit? With all due deference to Mr. Stringer, Kipling painted the blood root and its environments, with bold outline and delicate detail.

Mr. Stringer's article was so timely that it is a pity it was thus marred If I am wrong in accusing him of a misquotation, I will supply him with the means to seek "peace in a Laranaga, calm in a Henry Clay" (Note Bene, again not verified.)

Mr Stringer unkindly ignores the fact that this poem of "The Flowers" was Kipling's reply to the insular critics who found something exotic and merely imitative in poems to flowers in lands beyond the seas They could understand a reason for a sonnet to the primrose, but one to the prairie anemone was an unthinkable offence. Straightway he sang of the flowers dear to Britons in many lands beyond the seas with such effect that the picture of the flower and their own land rose before them whether it was in sight of the cool Drakensberg or in the maple groves of Canada. If he has been as true to nature in Australia and New Zealand as he has in Canada he may be forgiven even for a slight lapse or two. Did you ever, Mr. Stringer, take a copy of Kipling out of a public library, and see how this page was thumbed? Do people all over the world remember such lines as "The Flowers" if no appeal is made to their hearts? I think not

WILDAN MCBRIDE

Regina, Sask., November 13, 1908

HIS SNARK WAS A BOOIUM

(From the Toronto Mail and Empire, Nov 14, 1908.)

It is surprising to notice how many persons are ready to accept Arthur Stringer's recent exposure (?) of "Canada fakers" as a wholesale condemnation of Canadian writers and Canadian literature. Let those who do so please read his article in its original form and see how closely it follows the muck-raking style of the sensational American magazines let them do some thinking and investigating for themselves, and then decide whether the article was inspired by a desire to do anything more commendable than merely create a sensation

No reader who exercises ordinary common sense—lacking the oracular wisdom of Mr Stringer—will agree that any writer, Cana-

WILDAN MCBRIDE

dian or not, in depicting the Canadian Northland, will be guilty of "the wilful and deliberate distortion of the truth, the persistent traducing of a country, the continuous maligning of its name and nature."

May I quote from my previous comment on this subject, which has already appeared on the editorial page of another journal

"The chiefest crime of this array of fakers appears to be that they spell the cold of the north country always with a capital C. Arthur Stringer sees no 'white terror of the unspeakable cold,' and classes as pathetic fallacy the imaginative presentation of the 'colossal menace of the eternal frost.' The Far North, to his mind, is a very livable country. But one needs only to endure a prolonged cold snap in Ontario with the thermometer twenty-five to thirty below in order to appreciate the presentation of the cold, crystal north, as these romances give it" (How about a Northwest blizzard?)

"Aside from this, Mr Stringer's reason for classing so many authors as 'Canada Fakers' rests on their weakness in little details of local color and local atmosphere. This is a serious business enough, but while we thank Mr. Stringer for calling our attention to it, we cannot say that we favor the manner in which he has done so. He grants that 'the best of artists, writing sincerely may be guilty of an occasional slip of the pen.' Why not let it go at that? What does any writer gain by wilful misrepresentation of any country? What can he gain? Let us rather put these errors down to ignorance, which is bad enough, or to carelessness, which is just as inexcusable'

Since Mr. Stringer knows the north country so much better than anybody else, it is strange that he should spend so much time writing fiction, the aim of which seems to be to portray all sorts of villainy and in which the chief interest lies in finding out how one gang of thieves outwits another

Canadians know too little about their own country and about their own literature Your recent comment on "Canada Fakers has this statement

"Canada is no longer an unknown land—it has been traversed and retraversed from the Great Circle to the Great Lakes"—and yet the other day, when Mr. J. B Tyrrell, the explorer, announced that he had on his recent trip discovered a new river eight hundred miles long, the fact was not even mentioned by many of our papers.

One of the Cornerites writes: "Surely there are enough good Canadian writers to study and write about." Surely? Just follow up the clue and see. Perhaps you will have to go across the line to find out, because our writers seem to receive more attention there than at home. Of course, the field is wider and a Canadian writer can write for the United States as well as for Canada; in fact, he can write for all the English-speaking countries of the world.

Just now you can hear of Robert Service's poetry at the other end of the world—New Zealand. A young lady of Prince Edward Island has written a book, "Anne of Green Gables," which is easily the best book of the year from the standpoint of character creation and wholesome humor. Hundreds of people are writing letters of appreciation to Mrs. McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny." R. E. Knowles has just published a new book, "The Web of Time." Another of Marion Keith's delightful Ontario tales, "Treasure Valley" is now at hand. Almost two million copies of Ralph Connor's works have been sold And if the Cornerites wish to study Canadian literature and Canadian writers, they will have a course which will require not one winter, but a good many winters to cover. There was a time not so very long ago, when writers on Canadian literature played variations on Lampman, Campbell, Roberts; Roberts, Campbell, Lampman; Carman, Campbell, Roberts, etc., etc. But that day is past. The last decade of Canadian literature has been one of remarkable fertility.

DONALD G. FRENCH.

DONALD G. FRENCH

There are few Canadian newspapermen more widely or more favorably known than Mr. French, of Toronto, nor any whose clarity of thought, facility of expression, and breadth of view have more commended them. Whatever he says commands consideration through the fact that he says it. To the matter above quoted over his name, double respect is due through his having said it twice—once editorially in the *Toronto World*, and again

HEARTIES AND HUSKIES
Men with a dog train starting out from Fort Chipewyan on a winter morning

in the "Y. P. C." department of the *Mail and Empire*.

But it is one thing to bring an accusation, and another to make it good—gracefully. Mr. French's confession to discomfort in a Canadian winter is interesting as personal information, but lacks force as evidence that Mr. Stringer is "muckraking," or that the offense charged against the Fakers is not an offense but a virtue. It is a little remarkable that so well-approved a writer should have so completely overlooked the real point in the case, the core and marrow of it, and left open a question whether he is running with the hare or with the hounds. His statement that "Mr. Stringer's reason for classing so many authors as 'Canada Fakers' rests on their weakness in little details of local color and local atmosphere," may possibly explain this lapse, since it does not touch the essence of the matter at all, and imports a hasty reading or possibly less. It would be going pretty far to believe that the memory of a few chilblains justifies to Mr. French's view the libel of eternal frost flung broadcast over Canada, but if that is not his argument his usual lucidity is here at fault.

There are people who enjoy twenty-five below, and others who suffer at twenty-five above, because they lack red blood. Mr. French's dislike of his home climate would seem to have frosted his judgment, and set him shivering in the curule chair of the Eye-Socket School, which is a poor place for a Canadian. Certainly it does not lend validity to the outworn outrage of the fake at issue.

MORE FACT AND CRITICISM

The three letters here following deal with the hunting country of pretty much all Canada. That by Mr. Andrew Irving goes somewhat curiously into the effect produced by the writers of faked romance on people from other lands who come to Canada for summer sport. It is a singularly apposite fact as bearing upon spurious literature.

Dr. Long is fair to Mr. Stewart Edward White in questioning the criticism of his statement concerning winter-cut birch, but renews his condemnation of fiction that has no base in a knowledge of the country dealt with.

Dr. Fraser, Surgeon of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, contributes a clear account of the climate and products of that very part of Canada which the romancists claim to know, and which they put forward as for the whole of Canada. No more complete illumination of a long standing libel has ever been made.

MELODRAMA AND WINTER-CUT BIRCH

STAMFORD, CONN., Nov. 12, 1908

TO THE EDITOR,—Melodrama is all right in its place; but Canada is not its place. And I object to this combined misrepresentation of a land where I have always found comfort and hospitality

Your specific criticisms are well founded; but if you are called upon to defend them, there is one in which I venture to suggest that you go warily. I refer to your criticism of Mr. White's "winter-cut" of birch bark His general ignorance of the North is manifest; but in this case, he has heard something at least half straight In my first Canadian trips, my canoes were always of "winter-bark." To be sure, this generally means bark cut in the early spring when the sap runs, as you say; but a few Indians whom I knew used to go into the winter woods and then peel the bark laboriously

DR WILLIAM J LONG.

They claimed that such bark was tougher and I think they were right

This is probably exceptional, but I know that it has been done, and I have a little canoe stored in Northern New Brunswick which was made in this way

In my judgment, you have picked out the worst offenders, and your criticisms are less severe than they deserve. Even when in justice to Mr. White you say that he knows the river driver well, I am inclined to murmur. Possibly he does know the drivers, but when he puts them into fiction, I find as much melodramic mush as in his "Silent Places." Some of these writers have followed London's popular lead of "Blood and Raw Beef"; some locate their melodrama in the North, thinking that it is sufficiently remote to pass for realism; and a few others are just tin-horn sports, playing at being men and explorers. I am afraid you take them too seriously. They have only caught the measles of our American magazine and newspaper heroism.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM J. LONG

"FANCY HUNTING OUTFITS"

The Maples,
Ogdensburg, N. Y., November 9, 1908

TO THE EDITOR,—I noticed in the *Literary Digest* a reprint of the article on "Canada Fakers," and, as an old Canadian, who takes his recreation in the woods of dear old Canada, and who has suffered in silence for many years from the ridiculous twaddle of London, White and others of their class, I want to thank you for the very effective exposure you made of them. I am only sorry you did not include a person called Mott in your denunciation. He has succeeded in getting one or more of our leading magazines to publish several stories of the Northwest that simply reek with the worst nonsense I ever read. Only a few days before I read the article in question, I was explaining to some American friends who were with me at my place in the Province of Quebec, how unreliable White was, and called in my old guide Baptiste Lemoine to corroborate my criticism about winter peeled birch bark. Baptiste and his father have been making canoes for me for over thirty-five years, and explained to my friends how impossible it was to peel bark in winter, much to their astonishment and, of course, greatly to their enlightenment In a series of articles published, in *Outing*, I think, White repeats the "information" about the winter peeled bark, and a lot of other misinformation equally ridiculous

I have had friends from New York visit me in the hunting season equipped with the weirdest outfits one can imagine, suggested by their reading of just such stuff as you have riddled, and foisted on them by unscrupulous dealers in sporting goods; and when I stripped them of their useless truck, and sent them out with the guides, garbed in proper attire, and with the necessary arms and ammunition, I fancy they at first felt like a Samson shorn of his locks. They have since acknowledged their sense of appreciation, and we have now a decent-sized museum of "things that should not be used," and which represent no small amount of money wasted, all of which have been contributed by men whose ideas of Canada have been formed from reading the arrant nonsense of White and fellows like him

Again thanking you for the service you have done the country of my birth, believe me to be, Very gratefully yours,
ANDREW IRVING.

A CAMP NORTH OF THE PEACE

These comfortable looking gentlemen do not seem to be suffering as they ought to according to the Fakers

THE REAL FAR NORTH

To The Editor,—As you have interested yourself in the climatic conditions of the so-called "Far North," a few reminiscences of what I have seen in some ten years' experience in Northern British Columbia and the Yukon may be of interest to you

I spent part of the winter of '97-'98 and the following summer until October, on the Stickine River, at a point about thirty miles from its mouth. Here I found a climate similar, on the whole, to that which I later found existed along the coast to the North, varying from twenty-five to fifty miles inland at least, as far as latitude 59 degrees 28 minutes, longitude 136 degrees 25 minutes, at which point is Dalton Trail Post, where I lived for some years. A portion of ground was cleared of bushes and undergrowth close to the Stickine Detachment, and potatos with other vegetables were planted, excellent results being obtained.

Dalton Trail Post, situated as above, is 800 feet above sea level, and about forty five miles north of the Lynn Canal on the Kleshini River, up to which point the United States Government is building a good wagon road—the British Columbia Government continuing west to Rainy Hollow, some nine miles farther, where are located rich copper deposits with surface showings that have never been surpassed. Here the flora is magnificent, the under-growth almost semi-tropical. Ferns reach five feet in height. Growth commences directly the snow leaves. Roses, wild violets, forget-me-nots, etc., etc., grow in profusion. Sweet William and pansies are not affected by the winter, the frost penetrating the ground only from four to six inches. The strawberries grow wild, as they do throughout the Yukon—even, I am told, among the foothills of Mount St. Elias Other berries of different kinds, such as the raspberry, thimble or salmon berry in two varieties, blueberry, gooseberry, cranberry and black currants, grow in great profusion. No difficulty is experienced in picking any of the above in sufficient quantity for winter use

The summers are delightful, the winters mild with a rather heavy snowfall, constant heavy thaws with mild spring weather except for about two weeks, generally at end of February or the beginning of March, when the minimum temperature would be 20 to 25 Fahrenheit. Our gardens produce all kinds of vegetables, Irish potatos, etc., unexcelled for quality or keeping properties.

Game is plentiful, such as ptarmigan, blue and spruce grouse and partridges. Bear are very numerous—black, brown and grizzly Around the foothills of Mount Glave, about ten miles north, I have seen the mountain goat in bunches of fifty to seventy-five Farther north in the interior, moose, deer, cariboo and mountain sheep are found. The different varieties of salmon, salmon trout and mountain trout abound in the rivers I have frequently shot with a thirty-eight revolver king salmon of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, as they were passing up the riffles of a swift stream. Salmon are so numerous during the run that they will be felt striking one's legs while fording a stream. The Indians obtain the salmon for the canneries and their own use by spearing them at the riffles, or with a pole about eight feet long, having a sharp iron prong at the end turned in the shape of a hook, only without side prongs. They stand on the bank, with the hook at the bottom of from four to six feet of water (muddy at this time of the year), and by a continuous motion of

the pole they feel the under surface of the salmon, then with a quick jerk, hook and land him. The fall run of the dog salmon which occurs in "low water" is so great that horses not used to them can with difficulty be persuaded to cross the streams, as it is practically impossible to avoid stepping on them. Just before the cold weather we used to drive a wagon along the stream and fill the box by throwing the fish direct to the box from the water with pitchforks. These would be allowed to freeze and were kept for the use of the dogs

I was transferred from this point to White Horse, named after the celebrated rapids two miles above. There I found a country of low rolling hills, more or less covered with small timber, having a more limited growth, due perhaps to some extent to the soil, which has a stratum of volcanic ash near its surface. Garden produce is grown to some extent, nearly everything in the vegetable line being easily produced, such as potatos, carrots, turnips, lettuce and radishes. Mushrooms grow abundantly in the older gardens. The growing season throughout the Yukon is comparatively shorter than further south, but the growth, I believe, is greater for the period, due probably to the greater daylight. The snowfall is light, one and a half to two feet, and is in places sometimes insufficient for good sleighing. Since the completion of the "all land" Government wagon roads between White Horse and Dawson (only in use during the off season of navigation), the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company has been running a stage system between the above points throughout the winter on scheduled time, making about three stages daily, changing horses at each stage (about twenty-five miles). I do not believe that outside of one or two instances, they have been forced to lay over on account of the cold Travel to White Horse and down the Yukon River in summer may be made with every comfort that can be obtained in the State of New York by first-class steamers, fully equipped. The hardships of the days when dried and condensed foods were in use are now a matter of history

The atmosphere of the Yukon generally is clear and dry. Only for a week or two are the extreme low temperatures experienced, such as 58 to 60, at White Horse. The winters are pleasant, the cold being little felt since the occupation of more substantial houses, and as the country becomes less isolated and more populated, this will not be an unpleasant feature. The spring and summer seasons are delightful. My opinion, after residence in Ontario, different parts of the Provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, is that the Yukon is the healthiest of all, from a standpoint of freedom from disease, the propagation of germs being vastly curtailed by the continuous cold winters. (On this point, see report of Surgeon L. A. Pare, White Horse, in R.N.W.M. Police Blue Book, 1905.)

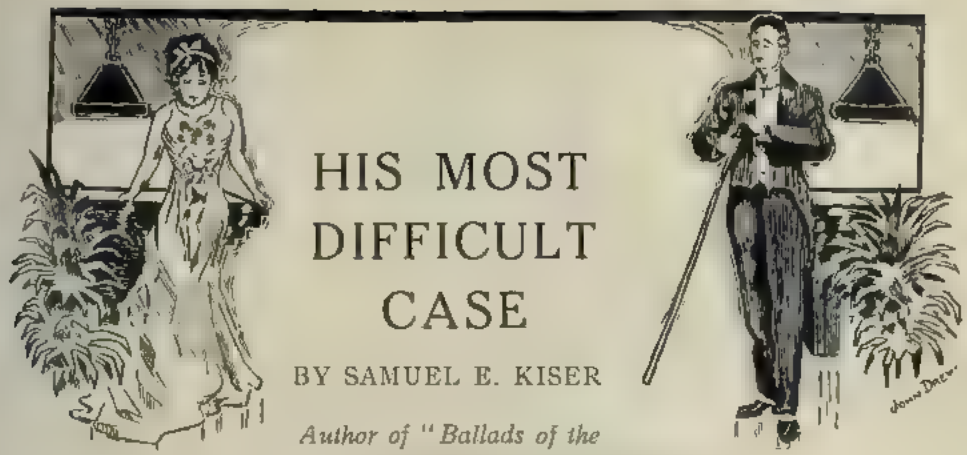
I spent a summer at Selkirk, which point is believed by those in the country to have the lowest temperature in winter (about 70 Fahrenheit) of any section of the Yukon. Here there are two or three farms which produce vegetables for the Dawson market. I have never seen better potatos, cabbages, turnips, etc., than are grown here. A field of hay, three-and-a-half to four feet high, could not be surpassed; also a small field of oats, which was fully filled out but not ripe when I saw it last. This would likely be cut green and sold to the Stage Company for their horses, as they have no means of threshing.

I hope you will excuse this hurriedly written letter and condone its shortcomings If my attempt at giving you an idea of the places where I have resided in the north is of any interest, I shall feel amply repaid.

Sincerely yours,

S. M. Fraser,
Surgeon, Royal Northwest Mounted Police,
Macleod, Alta., October 26, 1908

The fact obtrudes that nothing has been said by any defender of the faked Canada romance which touches the essence of the charge that there is no such country as the Canada they have evolved. The defense in every instance gives itself either to finding fault with minor statements in the accusation, or to upholding the accused in the use of details which at best serve merely to "give verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."



HIS MOST DIFFICULT CASE

BY SAMUEL E. KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

"I SOMETIMES think," said Ames, who was trying to teach Mrs. Winsted to make a follow shot, "that there is just one thing which old Uncle William Satan takes any trouble to promote on this earth. That's the way. Don't grasp your cue quite so firmly. Let me show you."

He placed her hand a little nearer the end of the cue and as he did so there may have been a pressure of fingers that was not wholly necessary.

"Now try again," he directed; "with a little practice you will be able to make it every time."

They had been in the billiard room alone for ten minutes. Ames knew that the fact was not being overlooked by his wife; but for some reason he was reckless, this evening. Perhaps it was the delicate, subtle fragrance emanating from Mrs. Winsted's clothes that, having got into his nostrils, intoxicated him. Or it may have been her beauty—or her evident willingness to exchange confidences with him. She had just been telling him that she was unhappy. And she was twenty-seven—twelve years younger than he! When a beautiful woman of twenty-seven looks into the eyes of a man who is verging on forty, and then draws a deep sigh and permits her lashes to droop it is not altogether unnatural for him to throw his shoulders back and remember with satisfaction that one may be of consequence even at two-score.

"What is it," Mrs. Winsted asked, "that you think Mr. Satan is promoting?"

"Jealousy."

"Perhaps," she said, "we ought to go back and hear what the Russian gentleman is saying."

"I suppose it would be best," he answered, dropping his cue on the table. "A peculiar thing about one who is afflicted with jealousy is that she can't understand how she injures her own case by demanding the attention that she might win by acting reasonably.'

"Yes; the jealous person thinks he can make the one he is jealous of return his love by merely spying and saying, 'You must.' He might as well tell the wind to stop blowing."

"After all," said Ames, "I'm inclined to think jealousy is a disease. Some day, perhaps, some German professor will discover the germ and find out how to kill it by inoculation."

"But how will they ever get a jealous person to consent to be cured? Certainly not by any process of reasoning."

"No. It will have to be done by force, I suppose—or by dropping something into the victim's coffee."

"All that doesn't help us any at the present time. Let us hurry back, or——"

"Or what?"

"You will be scolded," she said with a plaintive little smile.

"And you"?

"I ought not to have come here with you. I should have remained to hear about the sorrows of Russia. Poor Russia! I can sympathize with her."

"You must not be unhappy. You have every reason to be free from any such thing as sorrow."

"Is being misunderstood a reason for happiness?"

"But we are all misunderstood more or less. I suppose we must take that as a matter of course."

FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT IN HIS DEN, BLOWING RINGS OF SMOKE FROM A FRAGRANT CIGAR

"It is not merely being misunderstood. I sometimes think that if it became my duty to hunt out the lowest order of intelligence I should find it represented by some one who could see nothing beyond his commercial pursuit. The professional man dwells upon the heights and has an outlook that the mere trader never can get"

An hour later Ethel Ames drew off her gloves and threw them angrily at her husband's feet. Assuming a look of injured innocence, he asked for an explanation.

"Why will you insist on humiliating me?" she demanded "I shall never wish to meet any of those people again'

"Don't be unreasonable," he protested, "you have no cause to feel humiliated"

"Why did you and Mrs. Winsted go to the billiard room alone?"

"She thought that Russian Nihilist's talk was stupid and so did I, so we decided to look for something more amusing I can't see why Mrs. Holt wants to have such people around her. She might bore her friends in some pleasanter way. Have you any idea what the bomb-thrower was driving at?"

"I have a clear idea of only one thing—that you and that woman flirted shamefully."

Ames affected to treat his wife's accusation as a jest, but secretly he was rather proud of himself. When a man is nearing forty and his temples are beginning to exhibit silvery streaks he is not likely to be displeased at the intimation that a young and beautiful woman finds it pleasant to let him monopolize her attention. Ridiculing his wife's jealousy, Ames remembered with growing elation that it would hardly have been aroused if Maude Winsted had considered him a middle-aged man. Ethel, after the exchange of a few more bitter remarks, went weeping to her room, where she fell upon her knees by the side of their child's crib.

For a long time he sat in his den, blowing rings of smoke from a fragrant cigar and going over in his mind some of the events of the past few hours. In the satisfaction of recalling the pressure that had been in her handclasp as he and Mrs. Winsted had said good night he half forgot to regard his quarrel with his wife as a serious matter. He would probably not have been greatly perturbed even if he had not had Maude Winsted's yearning looks and sweetly-spoken confidences to think about. She had told him that she was unhappy; she had confessed that there was a lack of sympathy between herself and her husband; she had spoken of the intellectual superiority of a professional man over a mere trader. Ames was a lawyer with a respectable practice and Winsted was a member of an obscure brokerage firm. At that moment he felt that Fate had been cruelly unfair to them. And he was weary of his wife's jealousy. They had been married so long that he

SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES BY THE SIDE OF THEIR CHILD'S CRIB

had forgotten the sleepless nights and the sickening dreams of that awful week which she had required for her decision after he had begged her to brighten his remaining years. If he had once regarded her as a being of a higher order than that to which the rest of the world's inhabitants belonged the fact no longer had a place in his memory. The blight of familiarity was upon her. At no time since the day of their wedding had she willingly absented herself from him for even a week. To Ames his wife had become an old story. An old story may be enjoyable after one has put it aside for a while; but to read it over day after day causes it to cease to be exciting or interesting. If she had seen fit to leave him in loneliness now and then it is probable that his feeling for her would have retained a tinge of romance. But she could not understand why such a sacrifice should be necessary. She could love her husband without resorting to absence for the purpose of making her heart grow fonder.

Ames was weary of his wife, not because she had ceased to be lovable, but because she was so completely his own. She looked ten years younger than she was; she retained all the beauty she had possessed as a girl; she was proud of him in spite of the things she sometimes said when jelaousy prompted her to wound his feelings, and if she had given him the slightest cause to doubt her loyalty he would have been plunged into the depths of misery.

Until now her jealousy had been without serious justification. If he had admired other women it was only because he had found them entertaining or amusing, but Maude Winsted was a new element in his life. She had brought him an elation which he had never since his marriage experienced.

On the morning after the Russian representative of the proletariat had attempted to explain matters to Mrs. Holt's guests Ames met Mrs. Winsted It happened on the train. She was going into the city to shop.

"Isn't it strange," she said after they had sat down side by side, "that we don't meet oftener? I frequently take this train."

"I have generally gone in on an earlier one," he replied, wondering what his wife would say if she could know that he and the woman she was jealous of were together.

"Now I know," the lady said with a little smile that was almost pathetic, "that you want to read your paper. Won't you please go on and do so, just as if I were not here?"

"I can read my paper at any time. I can't always be—sitting with you."

How exquisitely feminine she was as she permitted her long lashes to droop over her eyes and how sweet was the fragrance which she exhaled! Ames regretted that it was not a thousand instead of twenty miles from Crotherhurst to the city. It seemed to him that they had hardly got fairly started when the passengers began to rush toward the doors, each eager to be the first one out, and his companion made a half-finished remark, as the

train stopped, about the too sudden ending of their journey.

He was late again the next morning. And Maude Winsted had occasion to be going into the city again. Through a curious combination of circumstances they met on the train.

"Do you remember," she asked after he had found a place where they could sit side by side, "the speech you made at the Glenwood Club banquet, two years ago?"

"Very distinctly. It was one of my worst efforts."

"Then I should like to hear you at your best. I never listened to an address which I enjoyed as much as I did that one. It seemed to me that the wit with which you punctuated it was so delicate and so cleverly introduced."

She referred to several of the most carefully studied points he had made. They had been unnoticed by the others who had heard him that night. That she had appreciated them was at once pleasing to him and indicative of her quickness of perception. His wife had never encouraged him with praise of his ability as an after-dinner orator. Not that she wasn't proud of him; but it was painful for her to share even the sound of his voice with other people

Ames would have been a curious kind of man if Mrs. Winsted's appreciation of his gifts had not been pleasing to him. There was in her every glance an appeal to his vanity.

"Let us wait," he suggested, when they had reached the end of their journey, "until the rest of these people get out, if you are not in a hurry."

As he spoke the train stopped suddenly and a dapper little man who stood in the aisle near them was thrown off his equilibrium. Reaching out desperately for support, he caught Mrs. Winsted by the shoulder and barely saved himself from falling into her lap. Ames was on his feet instantly. He caught the offender by the collar, whirled him around and flung him away as if he had been a kitten.

"It was very splendid of you to save me as you did," Mrs. Winsted said as they were leaving the car.

"I am sorry I could not have warded him off before he touched you," Ames fervently replied. "I hope you are not hurt."

"No, I think not. But I am awfully frightened. He might have turned upon you with some terrible weapon. Promise me that you will not let him come near you if you ever see him again."

Daily after that for a week they rode into the city together. Then one morning he looked for her in vain and he felt a loneliness that was new to him. During the forenoon she called at his office.

"I hardly know how to begin what I wish to say," she said, resting a pretty hand on the leaf of his desk, "I am very unhappy."

He looked anxiously into her eyes and waited for her to continue. Then she covered her face with her hands and began to sob. Ames made haste to close the door so that they might be alone.

"I have decided," she said when he had sat down again, "to apply for a divorce."

He stared at her but said nothing.

"The life I am forced to lead has become intolerable to me," she went on. "I am tired of being denied the right to say my soul is my own. My husband is a tyrant. If I turn around he wants me to explain why I did so. If I look at another man he flies into a jealous passion. He is forever complaining about what he calls my extravagance. Heaven knows I could not be extravagant on his income. He lied to me about it in the first place, and I have had to keep up appearances on almost nothing. I am tired of it all. I can stand it no longer."

He put his hand upon hers where it lay on the desk, and for a long time they sat and looked at each other. At last she asked:

"What are we to do?"

Then he caught her in his arms.

They agreed that it would not be discreet for her to call at his office again. It would be best for some other lawyer to take her case. He would think the matter over and decide on somebody whom he could recommend.

THEN HE CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS

Meanwhile, he knew of a place where they could meet in safety. There was a certain restaurant which was kept by a foreign woman. It was in a part of the city where they were not likely to be seen by people who knew them. There they could meet and decide upon a future course of action.

When Ames reached home half an hour later than usual his wife met him with a look of deep suspicion, but said nothing. He took little Bertha in his arms and patted her cheeks and pressed his mouth against her soft tresses. Ethel having had dinner served before his arrival, he was left to eat alone; but he was pleased to have it so. He could think without being disturbed. And he wanted to think. There was much to be considered. What had happened during the day still seemed more than half unreal. He had been unable as yet to get it all arranged in his mind.

His cutlet was pushed aside untasted and he was startled when the servant, who had entered the dining room quietly, asked:

"Are you ready for your salad, sir?"

"Yes," he replied, "I never mind the salad. I don't think I care for any."

He was sipping his coffee when he noticed that his wife stood in the doorway.

"Where," she asked, "were you at 10 o'clock this morning?"

"At 10 o'clock?" he answered in sudden consternation, "I—I—let me see—I think I was in Judge Lambert's office looking over papers in a certain will case. Would you like to have the judge make affidavit to the fact?"

"Forgive me," she said. "I didn't mean anything."

Then approaching him and put-

ting an arm over his shoulder she asked.

"What is the matter, dear? You haven't been yourself lately. Have you lost a case? Why won't you let me help you bear your troubles? We must not drift apart. I could not live without your confidence. You don't know how long the days seem when I sit here alone, waiting for you. I have been foolishly jealous, I know, but it is because I love you so much and am so proud of you."

"How long will you continue to think your jealousy has been foolish? Till I come home to-morrow night?"

He was disposed to be bitter now. He was learning to pity himself. Hitherto he had been amiable in receiving his wife's advances after their quarrels. He had been glad to assist in establishing peace, for he valued peace highly. Now he felt that he had been badly used and he was not inclined to be conciliatory. As he finished speaking Ethel haughtily went away, leaving him to his thoughts.

He lay half the night wondering how the things which had happened could have come about. The delicious moment during which Maude Winsted had been clasped within his arms he lived over and over again. A dozen times he woke from fitful slumber to toss about, trying to plan for the future. There was sweet triumph in the knowledge that the young and beautiful Mrs. Winsted loved him; that she did not regard him as being too old to be worthy of her notice; that she had not flirted with him simply to satisfy her own vanity

When, the next day, it was time for him to keep his appointment with her he took a round about course to Mme Scletti's. Having reached the place, he engaged one of the small private dining rooms and sat down to wait. The moments dragged with terrible slowness. He began to fear that she would not come. As he had entered the place he had been half sorry the fates had ever brought him and Maude Winsted together. After he had waited a little while he felt willing to risk anything, to give up everything for her. The woman who does not compel a man to wait must not expect his ardor to be overpowering. Perhaps Maude Winsted understood the potency of elusiveness and uncertainty. When she arrived, at last, Ames had forgotten discretion. His joy at beholding her was boundless

The waiter who had conducted her to him discreetly withdrew, and they remained alone in a long embrace.

"If we could only have known each other before so much that has happened had to happen!" she said.

"But what has happened is all in the past," he replied. "It is the future with which we must concern ourselves now."

"But I ought not to have come. It is not right for us to be here."

"Love makes everything right."

"How can you be sure that you love me? What happened yesterday may have been nothing but the result of an impulse, or—or the result of your pity for me."

"No, darling, I have loved you from the first moment that I ever saw you. Only I never dared until yesterday to acknowledge it to myself. And you—when did you discover that you—cared for me?"

"Cared for you? Do you think, dearest, that I have merely cared for you? I have adored you—worshipped you ever since that night at the Glenwood Club. How splendidly handsome you were, and -and how I envied your wife. Do you remember that you looked down at me once while the people were applauding. Ah, if you could have known how I was thrilled as our glances met!"

He caught her in his arms again and ceased to kiss her only when the waiter knocked at the door

"I wonder," she asked while he was looking over the bill of fare, trying to decide what to order, "how you would like to have me fix up something for you with my own hands. I see they have a chafing dish here."

Mme. Scletti made a specialty of providing her customers with materials, so that they might prepare their own meals if they cared to do so, and the waiter was sent away with a list of the things that Mrs. Winsted required.

How sweetly domestic she looked to Ames as she busied herself beside the little table, dropping things into the chafing dish and stirring them, with her sleeves drawn up so that her white, soft arms showed to her elbows. His wife had never done anything of that kind for him. She had always sat in prim authority at her end of the table, fearing, it seemed, to unbend for a moment, lest the servant might cease to hold her in proper awe. And then, to complete the wonder, Mrs Winsted proposed a bottle of wine. His wife would have gone resolutely to the scaffold rather than to have permitted such a suggestion to have come from her. He gave himself up to the full enjoyment of it, kissing the hand with which his companion held up her glass to propose his health. He had been translated into a new world—the world of romance.

HOW SWEETLY DOMESTIC SHE LOOKED TO AMES AS SHE BUSIED HERSELF AT THE LITTLE TABLE

When they parted she permitted him to have one of her gloves, which he held as tenderly as if it had been a part of her. Returning to his office, he locked himself in his private room and sat down to try to reason it all out. What was to be the end of it? It seemed as if some one had asked him the question aloud, and a fear that never had been there crept into his heart. For hours he sat and thought Through all his musing there was a word that kept flashing before him. It offered the only solution of the problem with which he had to struggle. He found himself scrawling it on stray sheets of paper. He thought of the fine practice he had succeeded in building up, of the reputation he had won, of the prospects that lay before him—and his reflections always ended in the word "Elope". He thought of his child, and found himself gnawing his fingernails. His lips became dry, and he felt that his cheeks were burning. When a door slammed in the outer office he trembled with terror. He crushed his pencil between his teeth, and a dozen times he took his keys, one by one, from the ring, then slowly put them back. And always his thoughts kept returning to the word "Elope". He took up the pieces of paper on which he had written it, tore them to shreds and scattered them on the floor. At last he noticed that the room was becoming dark. He heard the clerk closing his desk, and then there was a knock on the door

"You may go, Atwood," he called; "I will lock up."

The place became strangely silent Even the roar from the street seemed to die out, and he leaned forward, resting his forehead on his arms, which he had crossed on the desk. For a long time he remained motionless and unconscious of all the things around him. Rain began to beat against the window near which he sat; but he was not aware of it. The wind roared and

shrieked, as if in rage because of its inability to shatter the tall building in which he sat as one entranced. At last he was aroused by a peal of thunder. He straightened up, and, as he did so, felt that he had something in one of his hands. It was the portrait of his wife and their child, which he had kept in a little frame on his desk. A flash of lightning showed him the two faces, looking at him with love, with gladness, and with an appeal that he had never before noticed in the picture. He held it before him in the dark, waiting for another flash of lightning to enable him to look into the faces again. After it had come he went to the window, raised it, and threw Maude Winsted's glove into the street.

When he found himself on the train bound for home it was long past the hour at which he usually left the city. He hardly realized how he happened to be there. It continued to rain and he had a damp paper in his hand, but did not remember how it had come into his possession. Presently, as the train rushed along through the blackness of the November evening, his glance fell upon a headline that held his attention. There was something about a sudden boom in C. K. & L. stock, and the name of Arthur Winsted was there in big type. He began to read. There had been a "killing," and Winsted was among the lucky ones who had gained enormous profits. His winnings were reported to be more than $100,000.

Ames dropped his paper and stared through the car window into the darkness, when he reached home his wife met him with a look of alarm.

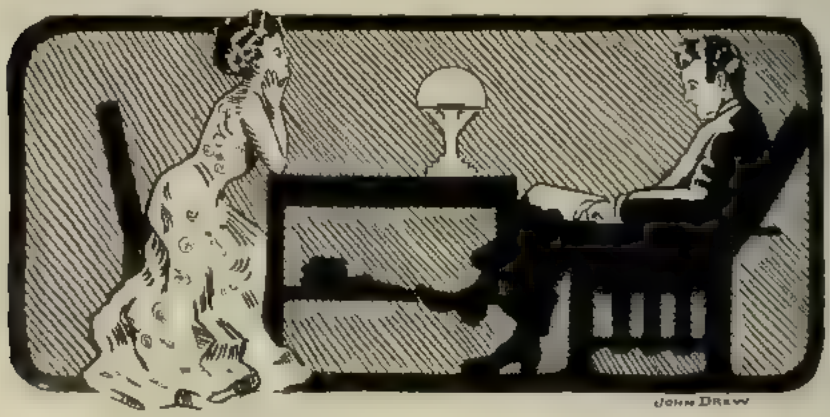
"What has happened?" she asked.

"I have been trying a difficult case—the most difficult and the most important case I have ever had in my life," he answered, "and I have won it."

She put her arms around his neck, saying:

"Then I hope your client is as happy and as proud of you, dear, as I am."

"My client is."



CLEAN UP THE LAND BUSINESS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

RABELAIS tells how Bacchus created a fox that could not be caught, and Vulcan a hound that could catch anything. The hound took after the fox, and a chase ensued that threatened Olympus with nervous collapse. I have forgotten which of their godships suggested the remedy, but it worked. Both animals were turned into stone.

Trading in land and town lots has been a foxy line of work these many years. It offered much to sharp impecuniosity, because it could be carried on without capital, the goods were there and salable, and the buyers were for the most part strangers who had money. Any man could be a land broker or a real estate agent if he had wit enough to sell what he did not own to a man who did not know what he was buying. The details of how it was done are of no consequence here. The point is that men without either money or conscience could and very often did get rich in a year or two by dealing in other people's property and taking still other people's money, raking off a profit without much regard to how it accrued. It was an open scandal, well enough known and commonly deplored, but no attempt to stop it ever succeeded. The fox kept always in the lead. Public opinion hounded it, but got no brush for all that. The petrifaction came in the shape of a financial frost, which stopped the gallop.

Two important changes were brought about by this stringency of last year. Most of the purely speculative dealers were forced to "retire," and the larger dealers came together in a general organization, covering the five Western Provinces.

No tears need be shed over the vanishment of the irresponsible little fellows. But it is up to the larger ones to show that they can do what they say they can, and put the business on a plane worthy of its real importance.

The declared purpose of the new organization, which is known as the Western Canada Real Estate Association, is to "clean up" the whole field, and govern it by a set of authoritative regulations. The start was made at a meeting in Winnipeg last July, and the Association is now well along toward a working basis, though principally engaged as yet in extending its membership. It is in this direction the crux of its usefulness will be found. It has set high standards for itself, and its value will depend, in all aspects, upon the care with which these standards are followed.

The organizers have a chance to put things on a new footing of substantial respectability. If they do this and hold fast to it, they will have achieved a reform at the very root of things. Every interest in the country will be benefited. The basic interest of all, the interest in the land itself the *real* estate of the whole state and all the people—will be handled and cared for responsibly, equitably, and with regard to future good as well as present profit. Can they do it?

The new organization has fixed its head offices at Winnipeg, and is governed by an executive board of five. It has five Vice-Presidents, one for each of the Western Provinces. Richard D. Waugh, of Winnipeg, is President. The constitution states the object to be "to unite the real estate men of Canada for the purpose of exerting effectively a combined influence upon matters affecting real estate." A set of rules has been adopted, a sort of moral code, along broad and general lines, but as a matter of fact the formal ordinances give less note of what the Association is aiming to do than the executive board discloses at its meetings. It is a

busy and purposeful body, this board, and especially urgent in demanding evidences of character from applicants for membership. As one of the directors expressed it, the prime movers in the Association mean to "police" the business. They mean to keep the foxes out.

"The name of the Association on a dealer's stationery," said this director, "ought to be equivalent to a guarantee of good standing and good faith—that is to say, a license to do business. It is not enough for an applicant to say he is a dealer, nor even to be a dealer. He must be a man of standing and approved integrity. He must be able to show responsibility. We will not accept 'kerb-stone brokers' nor boomers, nor wash-sales operators. Our relations with each other, and the responsibility each of us bears to the people and affairs of his own especial district, are such that we will not on any account accept members who cannot fully meet the most rigorous requirements as to probity, activity, ability and personal good repute in his home neighborhood."

That is a large order, not impossible to fill, but certainly not easy; nor capable of being carried out in any brief time. It is going to take earnest devotion to lofty ideals and a disregard of temporary conditions. In other words, in the natural desire of a young organization to show growth, it must not forget that *there are enough well-established, reputable dealers in Canada to constitute a firm and wholesome society.*

The measure of success must of course depend upon the use the public will make of it, and this in turn upon the confidence it will inspire. The value of "the name of the association on a dealer's stationery" will be governed by the respect that name will command. It is right and proper enough that the respectable brokers should protect themselves, but in the last resort, protection to the public must be the thing assured. If that were not needed—as it is, and very much—there would be no call for such a body. If it is not amply furnished, the public would have no use for it, and the project would fail.

That it should be successful is not without precedent. There is such a body in the United States, and it has done much good. The local real estate boards in the States have regenerated the business in the last twenty-five years, and a system has evolved substantially alike in all parts of the country. In the cities it has become almost impossible for scalpers to do anything. Property is not entrusted either for transfer or management to agents who are not members of their local boards. Through these bodies, acting separately or together, valuations are fixed, the rate of taxation largely affected if not actually determined, and the percentages of commission distinctly regulated, so that all interests are protected and fostered, and over-reaching is reduced to the lowest minimum possible with human nature as it is.

The same thing can be done in Western Canada. It is important that it should be done, and that right soon, for many reasons:

The land dealers and real estate agents have it in their power largely to shape the future of the country for good or the contrary, through the manner of their dealing and the character of the people with whom they deal. They are at the heart of the new things, and through them, generally speaking, the lands of the West now vacant will pass into ownership and cultivation, towns be built and mercantile business extended into new fields. The real estate agent is usually about the first man in a new town site. He is there before the railway. It is through his introduction and exploitation the settlers come in. The kind of settlers he will bring will, in the average, be determined by the kind of man he is himself and the way he does things.

The larger operations of the last few years have shown what may be done for the country by dealers who are large-minded enough to grasp big situations, and energetic enough to meet them. Responsible real estate companies, composed of men of this sort, and amply financed, have bought and sold the greater bulk of the lands,

and brought in the best class of settlers that have ever occupied any new country. All their operations have been conducted in substantially the same way. They have selected suitable tracts, optioned or purchased them, advertised them liberally in Eastern Canada, Great Britain and the United States, in such neighborhoods and among such people as seemed to offer the best and earliest market. They have taken prospective buyers from these neighborhoods on inspection trips, frequently in privately-owned cars, have given them the privilege of individual selection, and then have attended to the details of transferring title. The best of these companies have not stopped there, but have proceeded to give the newcomers valuable aid and advice in settling down. But these companies, each independent of the other, had no common centre from which all could draw for information, counsel and that assistance which a head alone can give to the other members of a body. Furthermore, there was an absence of protection against the irresponsible agent and his indifference to the ethics. There were no organized means whereby the man who desired to settle on Canadian land or in a Canadian town, could be shielded against the empty-handed trader. These reasons gave rise to the opportunity this new Association is trying to improve.

If it is to "police" the business, as the director above quoted says, it will have to stick closely to the determination to "keep the foxes out." If, in its effort to become effectual by extending its ramifications into every nook and corner of the country, it lapses from its original high lines, then trouble will come. In this possibility lies the one great danger to the property interests it and its members will have in charge.

"Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?" asks Borachio. And good old Dogberry takes up the tale:

"I know that Deformed," says he. "A' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name."

There will be a scramble for membership, and many a crafty schemer now in retirement will emerge and apply, with plausible evidences of respectability or reformation. Too much care cannot be taken to make sure that at least a "seven year" record in each case shows nothing vile. A slump in that one point will bring the movement to no effect. Character is all.

That is an underlying though mayhap an unwritten law of life with this new enterprise. Based upon requirements that insure its capability, the Association and its members can accomplish their purpose "to deal with such questions of legislation, both provincial and federal, as may touch upon taxation, assessment, publicity, immigration, transportation, and other matters of importance to real estate itself and real estate owners, as well as to the brokers." They will be able to advance and conserve whatever may be good for the realty interests of the country—to take those interests in charge, work for them, build them up, and protect them.

The Association is now only a little over six months old, and has not yet had time to do much more than complete the details of its general plan, get its working parts down to their bearings, and go out after new members in the more remote districts. The board is in frequent session, and the executive officers devote themselves fully to coordinating the materials already at hand. At the end of its first year, enough will have been done in a concrete way to show what the outcome is likely to be. The project should succeed. All who have at heart the best good of the country will wish it well. And watch it well.

COMIN' HOME

BY JEAN BLEWETT

THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the mother has been; the girl's hair is shiny brown, the woman's has been; the girl's cheek is pink and round, the woman's has been; the girl is plump and dimpled and sweet, the woman has been. They are objects of interest to the rest of us from the time they take the train at Chicago, early in the morning, until they leave it at a little Canadian town in the dusk of evening.

The gruff old man in the silk skull cap nearly bursts a blood-vessel in a vain attempt to raise a window when the girl exclaims against the stuffiness of the coach; the tall college youth, on his way home for the holidays, presses the morning papers and a magazine upon them; the fussy passenger, the lady with the alligator bag, the chap who brushes his hair every five minutes, the woman across the aisle, and her friend with the bag of peppermints, the man with the asthma, the girl with the pompadour, the drummer—everybody, pays attention to the girl who is fair and the woman who has been—that is, everybody but the Englishman in the tweed suit. He keeps a wall of reserve and a newspaper between himself and his fellow travellers.

There is an air of goodfellowship in the way the girl looks at her mother, leans toward her, laughs with and at her. One feels that they have lived much by themselves and grown to be comrades. And they must have lived in big spaces, for they speak loudly. It is doubtful if the girl knows how to whisper. The little woman gets nervous and excited as the day wears on. Every half-hour she asks the girl, who carries a tiny watch at her waist, the time; she wonders if the train is not late.

"I know somebody that's getting tired," cries the girl.

"Not tired, Janie; restless like. It's getting so near home does it. Fifteen years is a long while to be away from kith and kin." Poor little faded woman! somehow you feel the homesickness of the years touch you.

"You can't remember the old place, you were only a bit of a baby when we left it. You don't know how often I've wished you had been older. If we could have talked together about it, things would have seemed easier.

Janie drew the woman's hand in hers. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean disease," she exclaims; "I've never had it."

"Homesickness"—a thrill of passion in her voice—"is the worst kind of starvation; it's being famished for something you know you can't get, no matter how hard you cry for it, and the more you know you can't get it, the harder you want it, till—" She breaks off and looks out of the window.

The man in the skull-cap coughs huskily. The Englishman gives his paper an impatient rustle.

"Oh, you poor mammie, is it so bad as that?" cries Janie.

"Everybody allows it was the best thing your pa ever did when he sold his farm in Ontario, and got that big place in Dakota. Maybe it was, but it was awful hard on me. I used to get so lonesome for a woman to talk to; not a neighbor within miles of us—think of it! Your pa is kind as the next one, but you can imagine how much sympathy I'd get from him, busy as he was. 'We came out here to make money, my girl, so why worry over a trifle,' he used to say when I'd carry on. It wasn't a trifle that I couldn't see father or mother, or your Uncle Tom. Oh, how I missed Tom. One summer we had a chore boy that laughed like Tom, and I nearly killed him with kindness, got him so fat and

lazy that he wasn't any good on earth, your pa said." She laughs a quavering laugh, which is echoed by Janie.

"Just supposing you were hundreds of miles away from me, and knew you couldn't get back to me, no matter what happened, you——"

"Oh, but I would," cried Janie; "I would, I would!"

"I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering, and as for the old house I could shut my eyes any time and see every knot in its boards, every pane in its windows, every hollyhock and morning-glory round its door. Lord bless you, child! I hope you'll never have to go through what I've gone through. No wonder I'm old and faded." The tears of self-pity stand in her eyes. "Fifteen years is a long time to be away from your own folks. I've been lonesome for the very hill we climbed on our way to school, for the green pump in the garden, the creek behind the barn, the creaky old gate—everything. Got it in my head the sky didn't come near so close to the earth as it did in Ontario. Honestly, Janie, the ache never left my throat till you grew big enough to be a comfort."

Janie's arm is around the woman's neck. "Don't feel bad about it now," she urges; "we'll soon see it all. Tell me about grandma, that's a dear."

"I ought to have told you heaps about her, but as soon as I begin the love I have for her kind of swells up and chokes me. I always leaned on her; it'll seem good to lean on her again when—I declare, I keep forgetting that I'm not a girl any more."

The Englishman flings down his paper and gives his coat-collar an impatient twist. "Deuce take these women and their sentiment!" the twist says plainly.

The little woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home. Exhilaration and nervousness make her garrulous. She has stored these memories in her breast for so long, so long; and now with the welcome and gladness near, it is a joy to pour them out to Janie.

"One night I nearly scared your pa to death. You were sick; we thought you'd die before morning. My heart just broke as your little face got whiter and whiter. I ran outdoors and called, 'Mother! mother! mother!' at the top of my voice. The cattle lifted their sleepy heads over the bars to look at me, the corn-tassels rattled in the wind, and your pa—well, he made sure I'd gone out of my mind. I went back quiet as could be. I've wondered sometimes if God didn't take it as a sort of prayer, which it was, and answer by making a woman of me."

The tears are in Janie's eyes—and in ours. He of the skull-cap blows his nose noisily; the asthmatic's lady's breath comes in heavy gasps; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and gazes out of the window; the woman across the aisle empties every beloved peppermint in Janie's lap.

A silence falls on her as we cross the Detroit River and go flying through Canadian territory. It lasts so long that Janie grows troubled. "What is it, mammie?" cries the fresh, sweet voice. "You aren't surely—why, you're crying! Does your head ache, dearie?"

"No, I'm just thinking I'm afraid I'll look awful old to the folks at home. Maybe if you were to put one of your blue ties round my neck. I used to wear blue. There, give me the hand glass. Take it off," brokenly, "I look a fright in it. Father used to say blue was my color, but I've got too old and bleached out for it. What if the folks wouldn't know me? When I left I looked a lot like you do now—oh, Janie!"

"Don't cry, mother; don't care. You look lovely to me, and if you don't look the same to the rest, why we'll go straight back west." Janie's fierce tenderness endears her to all.

"Hard work and lonesomeness brought the wrinkles and the grey hair. Tom and I used to laugh at old Aunt Ann's homeliness. I'm scared stiff that I look like her."

"Mammie, what's got into you? Nobody could be right down homely with eyes like yours," urges the girl, and the woman looks comforted.

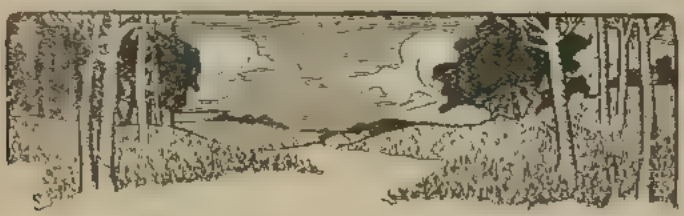
The brakeman calls out their station. We all bustle forward to help them off.

"Allow me," says the Englishman, and to the consternation of the woman, and of us, picks her up and fairly carries her to the platform. The light shines full on a white-haired man and woman. We all share a little in the joy of the home-coming. It is Janie, the girl with the wild rose bloom, and the gay, glad air, that the father gathers in his arms. Why not? She is more familiar than the woman, more like his girl, his pretty girl, who went away. But a mother makes no mistakes; her eyes

"Change not, nor note a change."

And the faded little woman is gathered close, oh, so close, to the bosom where she rested as a child.

The train moves on, and all of us are very still



COME WEST, BLISS CARMAN

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

BLISS CARMAN, you'd better come West!
You say you're tired of the things you do,
The streets you walk, and the songs you sing,
And your soul's in need of a dry shampoo.

You've said that you ache for elbow-room,
For a look at the stars at least;
You've said you're tired of the poppycock
And pink-tea air of the East.

Come out where the plains go rolling west
From the Lakes to the Rockies' peaks,
Where the soul of the wheatlands sings at dusk,
And the voice of the prairie speaks!

Come out where there's song to be sung again,
Where Youth and To-day rejoice!
You need the wine of the West in you—
And the West, it needs a Voice!

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities, especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment His remedy would be to transplant them "back to the land", but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die. It is "no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe," he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically. Canada offers this opportunity. Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies, and describes them as largely drawn from the helpless, city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished. He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned; that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not In sustaining this view, he quotes from various authorities and lays stress on a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, dealing with state-aid to immigrants, and pointing out that London charitable organizations in one year sent in many thousands from the East End of London, "without the slightest control, either by the Government or the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior of this country," paying, "it may be presumed, in every case, the total cost of such transportation" Then Mr Hough cites the opinions of business men such as Colonel Davidson and William Pearson, who have dealt with settlers intimately in their colonization enterprises. Colonel Davidson recommends as the type of settler "the man strong of body, stronger yet of purpose" Mr. Pearson argues that business common-sense and broad philanthropy combined could deal with the selection and placing of these immigrants, to their advantage and the good of the country

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Turning from a contemplation of these great empty lands, yearning to be peopled, Mr. Pearson took up the age-old conflict of man with himself—the human equation—as an element in this problem:

"Every man realizes that he himself is the battleground of two opposing forces, the selfish and the unselfish, the noble and the base. Every thoughtful man believes that these forces have been warring on this earth ever since man has lived on it, perhaps many ages before. The measure of the world's true progress has been the measure of the victory of the forces of altruism over those of egoism. When the material, the sensual, the ignoble, have triumphed over the finer phases of man's nature, men are agreed that the world has been the worst for it. We all believe that in humanity, in benevolence, in ideals of life, this old earth slowly improving. We believe in evolution. Can any thoughtful man look back on the history of the race without recognizing that there has been a moral, as well as a material and physical evolution?

"Nothing is clearer to my mind than that there is a world-purpose. This purpose is the eventual triumph of the unselfish, the impersonal—the intellectual and spiritual side of man's nature, over those baser forces to which we are naturally most ready to respond. It is the evolution from the lower to the higher type, that by slow degrees has been going on in the world for countless ages. In proportion as we place ourselves in harmony with this purpose and subordinate our selfish ends to this great force and principle governing the world, in just that proportion will we be made a factor in achieving the

inevitable result, towards which the countless millions of the dead and living of men have for ages been striving, with sightless or seeing eyes.

"For me, I like to think—it is an inspiration for me to believe—that though I am merely a plain business man, differing in no essential particular from millions of others of my generation I can, if I am in harmony with the eternal purpose, be used to do some little things to bring nearer the manifest destiny of the ages. I feel myself a soldier in an all conquering army, with the greatest of generals in command and the greatest of causes to fight for. On the muster roll of this army are the names of all the great men who have fought in the past for the physical, intellectual, and moral advancement of mankind. My comrades are the men who are to-day the world's best and bravest. I can understand enough of the great plan of campaign to realize my own duty and this braces me up to 'play the game'. What esprit de corps is to a fighting force or a business enterprise, what the motive power is to a factory, that, and more, is this realization of intelligent sympathy and cordial harmony with the world purpose to any man realizing it. It is his inspiration.

"Nowadays are heard many complaints of the sharp line of cleavage between the sacred and secular. By many, religion has come to be regarded as a function, voluntarily assumed with our frock coats on Sunday, and put on one side when we get into our business suits on Monday morning. During the week, in moments of leisure, or when any startling circumstance arouses us, we temporarily make an excursion from the world of business into that of suffering, and we perform some unselfish office of charity. When we have done so, we turn back, and resume our interrupted business life!

"Twenty centuries of civilization have produced the modern code, which says that 'business is business,' and that business and a high standard of thought and conduct—outside the demonstrated fact that honesty is the best policy because it does not pay to be a rogue—have little or nothing in common. The revelations of 'graft' in business and in public life are evidence of what selfishness is bringing us to; just as the awakening of the minds and consciences of men as to the extent and the tendency of these evils is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

"It is, of course, a commonplace to say that these evils, and all the others that afflict this world, could be remedied at once if all men would act from unselfish instead of selfish motives, if they would adopt altruism as the governing force of their lives. Of course they do not and will not, and out of this arises the struggle toward better conditions.

"Now, see how irrational we are—how we make ourselves utterly nullify our own efforts for the world's betterment. Our plan of following out the accepted business code that is part of the present fabric of civilization produces destitution and vice in all the congested cities. The kind-hearted help by purse and action such cases as come under their own observation. When destitution becomes worse than usual, when municipal soup kitchens have to be established and the bread line is formed, through our taxes and voluntary subscriptions we make organized efforts to relieve distress. But destitution is an *effect*, not a *cause*. We tinker away at the *symptoms* and leave untouched the *origin* of the disease. Civilization is pouring into its cesspools, our city slums, its waste human product. With every decade the stream becomes fouler and its volume greater. Civilization's only remedy for the evils itself is responsible for is to dip away at the cesspool, sometimes languidly, sometimes energetically, sometimes feverishly. All the time it is doing this the established order of modern business life is creating the well-springs that are the fountain-head of the stream filling the cesspool, and *filling it far faster than any effort of society can bail it out*. Isn't that a grim comment on the intelligence of the twentieth century?

"If we had any such problem in our own business, would we proceed on any such lines? Wouldn't we cut right to

the root of the trouble, and dry up the sources of the stream instead of ineffectually bailing away at the pool? Isn't it significant—doesn't it show the need of civilization for a corrective—that the daily activities of right-thinking men should unwittingly or unwillingly create the very conditions they intermittently seek to ameliorate? One does not need to be a communist or a socialist to figure this out.

"Here are you and I looking over miles and miles of unoccupied fertile land. Away back yonder are thousands of men and women who, if they could be given a start out here, would *repay* society a *thousand-fold* for the investment necessary to *transplant* them. They are to-day, or they are in danger of becoming, a charge on the civilization which created the conditions responsible for what they are. In a new environment they would, after training, become *producers* instead of present or prospective *paupers*—a *strength* to civilization instead of a *burden and a menace* to the community.

"Of the many millions of the hopeless poor many are potentially efficient members of society, however great a burden on civilization they may be at the present time. Removed from their present environment, and placed in one providing them with stimulus, with opportunity, ambitions unrealizable in their present circumstances would blossom forth and bear fruit. Not only would untold good result to the individual thus transplanted, and to his children raised in a healthy environment, and made self-reliant Canadians of a more hardy breed than the parents, but the congested centres from which they come would also experience benefit, for their removal would mean increased opportunity—more work, more food—for those remaining. By as many of the waste products of civilization as are moved to happier surroundings, by so much will better chances be given to those left behind.

"Opportunity is the birthright of every man. He has, or should have, the right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Of these rights modern civilization is depriving millions. The duty of those realizing their fellows' deprivation is to restore these rights. And, as I said before, the working out of this is a *business proposition*, just as much as it is a part of the evolution of the ages; and business men, to say nothing of professing Christians, are the men to whom the need of the hour puts the matter right up as a duty.

"This is pre-eminently a commercial age. It is reasonable to suppose that this is only a phase of social evolution—that just as there have been various ages in geology, and as in the history of mankind there have been the stone age, the bronze age, the patriarchal age, the feudal age, so this so-called age of commercialism will have its day and cease to be.

"The day is coming—it is right here—when the wealth accumulated by our captains of industry through the operation of the present day cruel, conscienceless, commercial code will, in the public mind, be the measure of their reproach, instead of their public admiration. At the present time, in banks and other important institutions, the character of the men behind the enterprise is regarded by the prospective investor as of as much importance as the institution's working capital. Under this new regime that test would be extended to all enterprises. Once assured of the character of the men behind them, the strength of public confidence will compel success. I believe it can be demonstrated even now that a business may be run along the lines of the world-purpose and yet be a commercial success; and this, not in spite of its subordination to the world-purpose, but because of it.

"This is not the general opinion as yet. It is contrary to established usage. It squarely opposes the whole system of modern business. But already there are a number of outstanding examples that commercial success can be based on this principle. On this side the Atlantic are 'Golden Rule' Jones, and on the other, the Peases of Darlington, Cadbury of cocoa fame, Sir Christopher Furness, and many others.

"This is no mere theory with me. I know that in my own business career I have taken up many propositions that

from the business standpoint of our age seemed entirely too big for me. In every case in which I am conscious that my motives were not self-seeking, but unselfish, these enterprises became commercially profitable.

"When a gardener transplants a plant which is tender, weak, and new to the place where it is to grow, he puts it near some trellis, or stake, or post, already firmly established there. I'm not much of a philosopher, but it looks to me as though there might be some sort of an idea in that to reconcile this conflict over the helpless poor. Some of them could not be transplanted at all; but when I look at this big new country, it seems to me we might take a great many of the potentially effective and plant them out here among our well established farmers until they could take root and learn how to grow; or plant them in new tracts of land, and intersperse the hardy, practical farmers among them.

"I do not suppose that this would at first thought commend itself as a business-like way of colonization; and if it were attempted by any wealthy philanthropist, or by any society, or by any government, it would mean any amount of difficulty, anxiety and hard work. Nevertheless, if undertaken, *not for selfish reasons*, I believe it could be made to *pay* eventually. I believe there can be sweetness and success in life, even in the twentieth century. For that reason I believe also that there can be philanthropy and business *both* in colonization."

So much then for idealism. At least it is much more practicable in its doctrine than the promiscuous charity which has thrust this whole question of colonization upon two countries. And in these days of business, speech like the foregoing is rare and refreshing. It is as cool drink to a man a-thirst.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL

In the United States the population movement has been three-fold. First came the Western wave of the frontier days; then the past decades of city-ward concentration. The third movement is but beginning, although it may be said that in the United States to-day there now impends or begins a movement outward from the cities to the farms. The appeal of country living begins to make itself felt in the high-keyed American cities. It is altogether likely that farm life, plus the modern conveniences which are so swiftly changing it for the better, will soon be held in an altogether new estimation.

So far as Canada is concerned, she is now in the first of these population movements, although that movement, as we have taken pains to see, falls in a different day and must be made in a different way from that under which the American frontier was settled. What complicates Canada's problem is that she reckons with England, which has long ago reached the zenith power of urban development, and already clamors for the third and last-mentioned trend of population, that back toward the land. Indeed, the cry of "Back to the Land" is the cry of all the world to-day.

Between these three waves of movement lies Canada. She is beckoned forward by the hand of one century; held back by the hands of a century gone by.

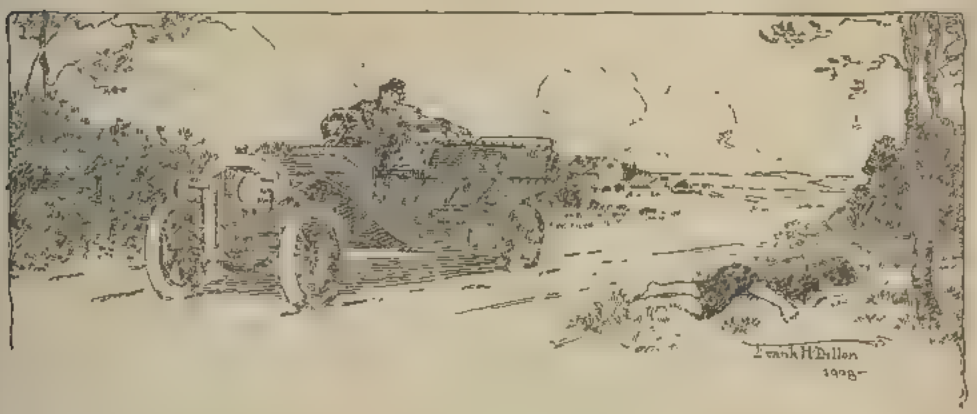
What has the world ever done for the farmer? French art has shown us pictures of him as the hopeless peasant. Saxon literature has paid him the brutal compliment of Mr. Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe." It is rarely that you shall see anything sympathetic or understanding written, painted or said regarding the farm and the life of the farmer. To some extent there is justice in comment upon the monotony of life upon the farm.

"At home nothing ever happens." The wind sings always the same song through the maple trees. Sometimes the country doctor jogs dustily along the empty village street, or the stillness of summer noon breaks with the sudden noise of children let loose from school. There are never any new faces at church or the sociables, where one calls everybody by their first names. The monotony of Sunday only replaces the monotony of week days, and all the holidays

are alike. At home nothing ever happens.

But all the world is not like home. Beyond the unchanging circle of the prairies is the city, where there are new thoughts and new faces and new experiences, and life is full. Over all the prairie lands and over all its villages and little towns, wherever there are young, impatient lives, the city casts its spell. . . . The city, which means wider life and the multifarious activities for which men and women are made; the city, which is rich in what the race has striven for both of material and immaterial things; the city, which is highest opportunity for the wise and strong, but which is also opportunity for all that is evil. . . . The city draws youth to it as the magnet draws clean metal, and youth the worst of the city preys remorselessly upon. That is the problem that the best of the city must meet.

(To be continued)



DR. FIXER RESCUES THE ORPHAN

BY JOHN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK H. DILLON

DOWN the dust covered road that led toward town a tiny brown haired boy of ten gazed earnestly, longingly. As he watched a little caravan that dwindled away into small, dark specks, he stood like a model a painter might have craved for a picture of one bereft. And when the moving specks had disappeared with a turn of the road, the little lad dropped into a clump of grass beside the road, face downward and buried his head in his arms and sobbed.

There he lay, so wrapt in his own childish fulness of sorrow that a monster touring car speeding noiselessly upon him failed to arouse. The big machine came to a stop as quietly at it had been running. Its driver, a portly personage from whose deep blue eyes, set in a full round face, good nature and kindliness radiated and spread itself about, paused, stared for a moment at the sobbing child, then stepped from his auto, and bending over the little form as tenderly as a mother might have done, placed one bronzed hand upon a shaking shoulder.

"There now, sonny, what can there be to make a little man like you take on so hard? Come, tell me about it. Maybe it's not so bad as you imagine. Perhaps we can fix it up. I'm the only and original old Doctor Fixer."

The child turned his face in fright, and gazed at the man who had intruded himself upon his hour of grief.

The boy shook his head, wiped his

grimy little face upon his shirt sleeve, and turned to look with awe on the dusty red roadster that stood nearby.

"It is a kind of a big machine for this neck of the woods, ain't it, sonny?" remarked the big fellow. "Here. Take this handkerchief and primp up a bit. Did you ever have a ride in an auto?"

"No sir," answered the little fellow, finding his voice for the first time.

"Well, maybe you can take a little ride into town with me now. Where do you live?"

"B—back there, or at least I always have lived there," came the answer, accompanied by a fresh flow of tears.

"Now, now, now, didn't I tell you I was going to fix it for you? You weren't going to run away, were you? It'll be all right as soon as I find out what it is that troubles you. Why, I can even fix that contrary old motor car, when it gets cranky and out of kilter. Where's your mother?"

"She's dead!"

"Oh," came the response in softened tones. "I beg your pardon. You have got something to cry about. I'm sorry. My mother died too when I was just about your age."

The stranger gazed toward a little farm house at which the boy had pointed. It had a deserted look. "Is your father over there?" he asked.

"No, he's not here any more," was the answer.

"And who takes care of the place?"

"Just Aunt Bridget and me."

"Well let's go see Aunt Bridget and tell her you are going to town to have supper with me, and I'll bring you back to night"

Aunt Bridget proved to be the kind of aunt Ireland has distributed over half the world. Unrelated in blood, but bound in the warm bonds of long association and profound affection. She was almost as disconsolate as the boy, though without the tears.

"Howdy do?" said the stranger, by way of introduction. "My name is Floyd. I want to ask a little favor of you"

"Glory be! Ye don't say! Floyd is it? Come right in and sit down. Will ye be wan o' the Halifax Floyds that come from the County Clare?

"I believe my father did have some relatives in Halifax, but we're from Toronto. I just happened to find the little man out on the road looking a bit to the bad, and I thought if you would let him take a run into town with me, it might make him feel better. But why did it strike you as odd that my name should be Floyd?"

"Sure blood's thicker than water, and we're Floyds. I knew Jimmy's grandfather. Me own name's Ryan, but me mother had a third cousin that was a Floyd of County Clare. The Floyds was kings in Ireland before the sassenachs iver set fut in the land—the curse o' Crommle on thim all. So you're a Floyd! Look at that now!"

"I thought you said your name was Dr. Fixer," broke in Jimmy.

"Oh, that's just a nickname some of the boys gave me. They all call me Doc. Get yourself fixed up a bit and we'll be going."

While Jimmy was dressing himself for his first auto ride, the old woman told of the hard luck that had fallen upon the house. They all had been happy and prosperous until Jimmy's mother had died two years before. After that Jimmy's father had lost interest in everything, including even the little fellow, and began to spend most of his time in Winnipeg, where he had drank and gambled until every thing on the little home place had been mortgaged.

Dissipation had laid waste the meagre store of physical strength of Jimmy's father, so that ten days before he had been unable to battle with an attack of pneumonia which ended his life within forty-eight hours.

The last straw had come when the sheriff's auctioneer had sold out the place that day. When Doc Floyd had come upon Jimmy, the little fellow had just watched his own pet pony follow the other live stock away in tow of old Jonas Jones, who had held the mortgage and bought in everything at the sale.

"Well, it does look pretty black," Doc Floyd had admitted. "But," he

added in his usual cheerful way, "I've always found that things come out all right in the end, and I dare say matters will brighten up for you. We will talk it over further to-morrow. Now that I have stumbled on a bunch of trouble, I'm going through with it. In the meantime, I'll take Jimmy along with me. I'll just keep him overnight."

Had he been asked, Floyd could not have explained why he had placed himself in his present position. No one could have explained to him that he might be an instrument to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. It was merely that the child's grief had appealed to him, but he never had an idea that it was anything more than some little bit of childish disappointment that could be chased away by a dash in an automobile and a little treat of some kind in the town.

"And so your name is Jimmy Floyd, is it?" he said to the boy, by way of making conversation when the two had passed on out of sight of Aunt Bridget, who stood in the road waving them adieu.

THE KIND OF AUNT IRELAND HAS DISTRIBUTED OVER HALF THE WORLD

"Maybe we are some kin after all. You'd better call me Uncle. And remember, your Uncle Fixer may be a big fat fairy that can fix up a lot of your troubles for you. I'm as hungry as a horse. Ain't you?"

Jimmy admitted that he was hungry, too, but beyond that admission he kept silent during the too short drive into the city. Floyd slowed the car down when they had come upon the city streets. He easily found his way to the best hotel in the town, where he secured accommodations and ordered his trunk sent up from the back of the touring car.

"So you think these are nice rooms, do you, Jimmy?" he remarked as he was dressing. "Well, I'd hate to have to live in them for good. It's pretty hard that the folks out in these prosperous places with money won't bring it east to us, instead of making us come after it. There's some money in this town for me, Jimmy. I don't know exactly where it is, nor whether I'll use a deck of cards, a gold brick, or sell somebody a block of stock in an air ship. But your Uncle Fixer will get his before he leaves."

All of which conversation was so much Greek to James. He saw nothing but a fine, big hero in the man who boasted that he had never earned an honest dollar in his life.

What was only a makeshift meal for the fastidious Floyd at the hotel that night was a feast for Jimmy, who topped off a man's share of a big supper with ice cream and cake. A musical show served to pass away the evening, and Jimmy retired that night to dream of a fat fairy that had come in a big red automobile and carried him away to a fairy land where pretty girls in gaudy dresses sang all day long and waiters brought him all the ice cream he could eat.

Jimmy had been astir for two hours next morning and was suffering from pangs of hunger when his newly found friend and protector awoke.

"Why, kid, I'd forgotten all about

you. I'll bet you are used to getting up a whole lot earlier than I am, and you must be wanting breakfast. Here! I'll write out an order for the things we want to eat, and you take it down and give it to the waiter. I'll be down by the time it's on the table, and if I'm late, pitch in and help yourself."

The boy ate most of the large breakfast that had been ordered while Floyd nibbled at some fruit and perused the morning paper. After breakfast, Floyd, by a few carefully directed inquiries, got a volume of information about Jonas Jones.

Nothing that was told him ever would be used in the obituary of that person, except the fact that Jonas Jones was rich, and reputed to be one of the craftiest and stingiest men in Manitoba.

"Well, I guess Mr. Jonas Jones will do, Jimmy," said Floyd to the boy, who knew nothing of what the man was talking about. "He's got the money all right, and I've chisled it out of his kind before. We'll look him up."

It was not an easy matter to find Jonas Jones. That eminent citizen had no office, but any of the banks was ever ready to furnish him stationery and a place to sit down any time he wished to draw up one of his far-famed iron-clad mortgages, or write a letter. He was finally located, however, and Floyd saw a subject he could have drawn if he had been asked to make a picture of any town's pet Shylock.

Floyd already had a plan that boded no good to the unsuspecting Jonas. Among other things he learned that his about-to-be victim had never been separated from any of his money by any sort of confidence game, so he concluded that a real good patent right would about fit the case. He would try it, and if that failed, he had other plans.

The excuse he gave for looking up the man who had closed down the mortgage on Jimmy's home and then bought in the property, was that he was thinking of making some investments in that neighborhood, and would like to get a price on the recently acquired Floyd property.

"So you are a relative of these Floyd's, then are you?" the old man had asked.

"A distant relative," Floyd admitted. "And now what do you want for the place?"

"It ought to be worth about $8,000, but I'm not anxious to sell," was the wary reply.

"Well, just draw me up an option for thirty days at that price, with the agreement that the people can stay there for that time whether I buy the place or not, and I will look into it."

"It's customary to pay something for an option, ye know," was the insinuating reply.

"And how much is the option?"

"How would one hundred dollars do?'

"All right," was the quick return of Floyd, who drew a roll of money from an inner pocket that made the eyes of the old miser bulge as a hundred dollar bill was separated from the pile.

The old man reluctantly dragged himself away from the sight of so much money to prepare the option, which he would gladly have given without the payment of the one hundred dollars, inasmuch as the price of $8,000 he had named was at least $2,000 more than he would actually have taken for the place. The old man also agreed to send Jimmy's pony and the live stock he had taken back to the place that same day.

"Never mind the option now," said Floyd. "I have rented some offices back here this morning. Happened to run across just the thing I wanted and was able to rent them all furnished. I'm going to run east this afternoon, but I'll see you again in a couple of days, and you can hand me the option then. No, never mind the receipt for the one hundred dollars. I know an honest man when I see one. I'm glad to have met you, and I'll say good-by for the present. Come on, Jimmy. I must drive you over home and get back in time to catch an early train."

* * * *

Late the next night, "Doc" Floyd sat in a brilliantly lighted restaurant in Toronto and with him was Jack Cleland, his partner in many transac-

tions more or less profitable to the pair. Floyd had been telling Cleland of Jimmy, and his talk of that youngster was so unlike his usual conversation that his partner imagined he saw a new side to the man with whom he had been in so many deals.

"Yes, sir, there's something about the kid that made me take to him right away," said the genial "Doc." "And, then, I've got a hunch that he's going to bring me luck. I found out to-day that old Jonas had skinned the kid's father out of his farm by loaning him a few hundred dollars at a time and taking notes for about three times what he let him have."

"And what's your plan?" asked Cleland.

"Well, I've been through all that part of the country recently, and I find no one has ever heard of our new patent fire kindler. I think they ought to be educated. I want you to scare up as many of the solicitors who worked the game with us before as you can, and have them ready to go west to-morrow night. Get five cases of the kindlers out of storage, and ship them to Winnipeg the first thing in the morning. They will get over there in a couple of days. Better send 'em by express to be certain of quick delivery. All you will have to do is to stay here and be the factory and then drop over when I send for you."

The offices presented a busy appearance a few days later, when Jonas Jones called to deliver the option to Floyd. A gilt lettered sign on the door announced the Manitoba headquarters for the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company of Montreal and New York. Floyd was busily talking to a number of shrewd looking young men, and after greeting Jonas Jones, asked him if he could not call again at four o'clock that afternoon when he would have more leisure to talk with him.

JONAS JONES ONE OF THE CRAFTIEST AND STINGIEST MEN IN MANITOBA.

When Jones called late in the afternoon it was a more businesslike Floyd that he met than he at first had figured on. He learned that the manager and sole proprietor of the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company had just started in to introduce the greatest patent of the age in that particular locality.

"Look how simple it is," said Floyd, handing over a small contrivance of metal bands which encased a mass of pulp asbestos. It is the greatest thing in the world for people who have to buy kindling wood in small quantities at big prices. This little thing is always ready. It will take the place of kindling wood, and it will last a lifetime. The women simply eat them up faster than the factory can turn them out. They cost seven cents each to manufacture and retail for fifty cents. The agents get twenty cents for each one they sell and we can always keep the best of salesmen, for they can easily sell from fifty to a hundred a day."

"It's amazing how some folks can make money easy," commented Jones, who looked and listened in wonder.

"Here's one of the agents now," said Floyd "Let's see what kind of a day he's had "

"That's the kind of a day I've had," replied the salesman, as he opened a large suit case which proved to be entirely empty. "I sold fifty that I carried with me and took orders for a few more to be delivered to-morrow." As he spoke, he emptied a pile of money all in silver, on the desk in front of Floyd."

"This is what makes me tired," was the remark of Floyd, in disgusted tones. "Here I've got to count over a bunch of chicken feed for every one of these men that comes in, and there are ten of them."

As he grumblingly counted over the money, placing it in two piles, he expressed the wish that he had an honest man to count the money that came in and look after the little details of settling with the salesmen.

"By the way," he asked, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "how would you like to take care of this business in the office for me here? I need a good solid business man like yourself, so that I can give my time to other matters. I would make it worth your while. You would have plenty of time to look after your own business and use this office for your headquarters."

"Well, I think I could take care of it all right," was the answer of Jonas.

"And would $150 a month be enough pay?" questioned Floyd.

"Why, yes. That seems more'n good pay for so little work," admitted Jones.

"Oh, never mind that," was the airy response. "It's worth something to me to have a man handle my money that I know I can trust. If you'll just come around at nine o'clock in the morning I'll show you how to start the men out. All you've got to do is to give them as many of the little machines as they want to carry out, and then take the money from them when they come back in the afternoon. That will give me a chance to look into the matter of buying that farm and some other things I have on hand."

In the language of Doc Floyd's set, Jonas Jones had "taken the bait."

Although habitually an early riser, Jonas Jones found Floyd already busy with some correspondence when he reached the office of the Quick Fire Manufacturing Company on the day that he was to take charge of the "little details." Jonas was as proud as a boy in a new job. He had donned his best Sunday suit and shaved his chin, feeling that some consideration was due the dignity of his position.

"Well, you are an early hand," he remarked to Floyd, as he entered the office and carefully hung his hat and coat on a rack.

"Oh yes, I had a letter or two that I wanted to get off my hands before the agents get here. I've just ordered 5,000 more of the kindlers from the factory We only have enough to last the week out. There is a big supply of them in the warehouse, and you want to be careful to keep them ordered far enough ahead to be sure they will reach here by freight, and not have to pay any rush express charges."

Jonas assured his employer, whom he had begun to respect as a real business man after all, that such necessary details would be looked out for carefully. As the agents came in and took their empty suit cases from the storage room, Jones was busy checking off the correct number of articles that each man took out. In a short space of time they had all departed, and he asked Floyd what he had to do next.

"You are good at figures, I presume," said Floyd. "I wish you would go through this statement for me. I dare say it is all right, but it's best to be certain."

The "statement" was a long mass of figures and Floyd knew it would keep Jones occupied for a couple of hours. Moreover, he knew that the old money grubber would be astounded when he digested the items. It was all a part of his plan. The statement was supposed to represent the profits on all the fire kindlers that had been sold in a far western state during the previous six months. It showed a net profit

"THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME TIRED," REMARKED FLOYD IN DISGUSTED TONES

for the six months of $50,000 after all costs had been deducted. The eyes of Jonas Jones fairly popped at such sure and quick profits, just as Floyd knew they would, and as the old man pored over the papers, the promoter announced that he would be absent for a few hours. When he left the office he went to the hotel, changed to his automobile costume, had the machine driven to the door, and started off to see little Jimmy and the farm.

Aunt Bridget was taken off her feet with the announcement Floyd made when he entered the house and proceeded to make himself at home. He had brought from the city a goodly supply of groceries and meats, and announced that he proposed staying for lunch and partaking of some of Aunt Bridget's home cooking.

"I find," he announced to Aunt Bridget, "that we are related after all, so I'm going to take charge here. Although I never knew any of little Jimmy's folks, his grandfather was a cousin of my father. I found that out from a letter I got from my old aunt, the only relative I know. She is living all alone down in Ontario and insists that I send Jimmy to her. I'm going to send the whole lot of you down there just as soon as you can get ready."

The big relative felt repaid for everything as soon as he sat down with Jimmy at the table. He had not had a meal of that kind in years, but he promised himself that he would have others like it in the future, for it took him back to other days

Floyd purposely postponed arriving at the office that afternoon until the time when he knew the agents would have been in and settled up with Jones. He found the old man in high glee. Every one of the men had returned with an empty bag and a pocket full of silver

"Just put the money away for tonight," said Floyd, "and deposit it in the bank to-morrow. Pretty good business, don't you think?"

"Yes, remarkably profitable," replied Jonas. "But don't you think the agents get too much? I can get as many good men as I want for $2 25 a day, and that would make $25 a day or more profit for you."

"Oh don't mind that," laughed Floyd. "They are all good salesmen and we can afford to pay them well They are good honest fellows, too. You haven't found any one of them trying to cheat you out of a cent, have you?"

"No, that part is all right, but I was thinking about what could be saved. It looks easy enough for any one to sell these things, and I know what I'd do if it was my business. Just think Save $25 a day, and that's $150 a week, or $7,800 a year."

"Oh, don't bother about it," was the careless reply. "We are making money enough. How about that statement? Was it all correct?"

"Yes, it was correct, and good business too. Seems the things netted $50,000 clear profit in six months in a market not one-fifth as big as this. You ought to clear up $100,000 in Manitoba easy."

"More than that, most likely," was the matter of fact reply of Floyd. "I've got an offer from a man in Hamilton who wants the rights for this province. He will be here in a few days, to talk it over with me. While we are waiting for him, I wish you would see a good lawyer here and have him investigate the patent and see that everything is clear and ready for transfer. Get somebody you can trust and give him two hundred dollars for expenses, and have him get a transcript of the record from the patent office at Ottawa. Ask him to do it at once.."

That night Jonas Jones found a lawyer who was willing to do the work for $50 and $50 for his fee to look up the patent. In due and early course he reported to Jonas that everything was perfectly clear, and that he would be ready with a written report when the would-be purchaser arrived.

"Of course I knew it was all right," said Floyd, when Jonas told him of this. All I wanted was the report of a disinterested party for the man who wants to buy me out. I suppose he told you also that there was no other contrivance anything like this one?"

"Yes, he told me there was no conflicting patent at all.

"All right, then. Tell your lawyer friend to have a bill of sale all ready for the rights for this province. I'm going to sell out. I don't want to bother with the details of selling at retail. I can make money enough by getting it all in big lumps. And now you look after things for a spell. I've got to run over to Saint Paul to-night and see about some business there. I'll be back Monday."

* * * *

Once more Floyd met Jack Cleland in Toronto and reported progress. "It's easier than taking candy from an infant," he told his partner. "I'll stick around here until Saturday night and be in Winnipeg again Monday morning. By that time the old jay will be plenty satisfied that there is big money in the kindler. You'll have to be Mr. Prospective buyer, and drop in there over Tuesday. If he doesn't make me a proposition when I get back, I'm badly fooled."

And Floyd was not fooled, for when he arrived at the office Monday morning, Jonas Jones seemed to have something on his mind. He reported that sales had kept up a good steady average. And then as if resenting some personal injury he demanded to know if Floyd was so anxious to get rid of a good thing, why he had not given him a chance to bid on it.

"How much will that Hamilton man give you for the Manitoba rights?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think I'll have any trouble of selling out to him for $30,000," was the reply.

Jonas shifted uneasily in his chair. "That's a lot of money," he said in a faraway voice. "A lot of money, but a man could make it back in no time and then make a big profit. Look here. Would you sell to me at that price and take over the little place you've got an option on at $8,000?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Mr. Jones. While I'm not tied up in the matter to the man that's thinking of buying, I

don't think it's right to start a new trade until I am off with the old one. Still the thing is new, and there is some other territory that might suit my friend just as well. I want to say, though, that I've decided not to buy the Floyd place. Jimmy has some relatives that I'm going to send him to."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you the $30,000 cash on the nail, and you won't have to bother with the other party. So long as you are not tied down to him, you're doing no wrong by taking a good offer when somebody else makes it flat. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Well, Jonas, I don't know but you are right. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and you can send for the lawyer with the papers."

Within an hour Jonas was on hand with the attorney and a certified check for $30,000.

A couple of hours later, Jonas Jones had paid off and discharged the force of high priced salesmen. He was going to run things his own way and make big profits.

A half hour after that, if he had entered Floyd's room at the hotel, he would have heard and seen things to make him wonder. He would have seen Floyd hand each of the ten alleged agents a nice new hundred dollar bill, and heard him deliver a little lecture:

"I suppose you fellows will be down on the race track to-morrow afternoon, and by night you'll have blown in all you have made in these few days' work. Take my advice and hang on to your money, for I think this old bloke is going to roar. If he does and it gets into the papers, we won't be able to work the game again for three months at least."

Jonas Jones started a half dozen men out with a supply of the new patent kindlers bright and early next morning. At night the six men reported that there was nothing doing. One man had sold one kindler. The others had been chased from door to door. He concluded that he might have been a bit rash in turning off the experienced men, but thought he would try it another day, and if it did not work he would write the factory to send the experienced agents back to him at the old price. He did try it another day, and still another and another, and then Jonas chanced to think there might be something wrong. He started an investigation of his own, and taking a street on which one of the first agents was supposed to have sold many kindlers, he could not find trace of a single purchaser.

What he might have learned, but did not, was that the myridons of Floyd had merely taken their wares to a vacant room that had been rented for the purpose, and then loafed about until time to bring Jonas the little pile of silver with which Floyd supplied them for the purpose each day. Not one of them had even attempted to sell a kindler.

Jonas consulted an attorney, and found that there was not one chance in ten thousand of getting any satisfaction. The patent was all right, even if it was not practicable. For the very first time in his life, in the language of Doc Floyd's set, Jonas had been "stung." He had paid dearly for his one folly. He would get it back in time, but others would suffer.

* * * *

Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland met by appointment a week after Floyd had made a quick trip to eastern Ontario, where he had left little Jimmy.

"I saw a little place down there that I'd like to own and settle down into the life of a respectable country gentleman" Floyd was saying to Cleland.

"Oh, cut it out!" returned the junior partner. "The mere fact that you've adopted a kid doesn't necessarily mean that you've turned respectable. It's an old saying that any bird of prey will fight for its young. Still, you are going the 'nature fakers' one better. None of them has told us a story of an old gray eagle adopting a young duck to look after."

THE STORY OF THE TOWN

BY WALTER P. McGUIRE

I AM a town embosomed in the broad Canadian plains. I have tried often to see the horizon but it is too far away; I think I shall never see it Now and then it gives to my vision a speck which becomes a railroad train and then a speck again. Smaller specks, too—wagons and teams and men they are—come to me out of the low, wide arc and disappear into it. For the most part, however, I am alone, but not lonely. Sentient men are here—men who *live*. The Power unseen is near them—and me; the spell of the wonder of life falls subtly on us. Over me the dawn rolls upward from beyond and into the broad, far sky like a herald bidding me awake—and I do! I work while there is light; and when my work is done and my tools are put away and the invisible sun incarnadines the sky I enjoy the somnolence of evening. The very hush thrills; life is still there. Across the plains comes a sigh, and another; the wheat heads bow sleepily, the grass blades bend in meekness—it is as if the robe of a passing Spirit of Rest has been drawn across the earth. Then the wind is hushed where it lies. The day is dead. The stars flash like diamonds in the dead day's pall. Peace comes, and sleep.

I do not envy the city. My big brother is justly proud, and very vain. His vaunted superiority interests him more than it does me. I have my own affairs to attend to—my shop to keep, my mill to run, my forge to blow. Other things I have, too: my family to love, my garden to hoe, my pump to mend. And yet other things: air to breathe that comes to me sweet with the smell of new-turned earth or growing greens; a freedom of life and thought that is unknown otherwhere; silences that are "floodgate of the deeper heart." I am not intermured; you cannot shut me in, nor shut God's air and sunshine out.

How I came to the plains is not a long story. Beyond the horizon, I have learned, are many towns which "just grew"; nobody seems to know the reason or circumstances of their genesis. It is different with me. I was created intentionally, and so recently that small children hereabouts know all about it. My stature and my function were determined before yon general store was reared, the first altitude on this broad plain. Thinking men had decided that I must be, and they arranged for my coming mindful of the future. With skill and daring they placed me on a theretofore unpeopled plain, but I could not be kept a thing apart. When the railroad came and fetched its loads of persons and their homely lares I was ready to receive them, and when the plow prepared the prairie for its wholesome, profitable employ I gave ancillary assistance.

The coming of men was a great event in my young life—I mean the men who followed those who measured off my streets and park and built the general store. They came in wagons first, but the trains were close behind them and then they came more rapidly—a big company recruited from a hundred widely separated parts, most of them from the States, many from the Older World. And they are neighbors now and call each other John or Jim, and all work here together—work and play. I claim for myself (and I can prove it, too, though maybe not on paper) the capacity of providing for my people an uncommon joy in both—in labor and in leisure. Islanded as I am in this seemingly illimitable plain I may be reckoned as atomic by those who dwell afar; but there is enough of me, there are enough of cognitive persons here, to know that in the vast expanse there is, by more than mere suggestion, a greater freedom of ex-

istence, a wider horizon of feeling, more of comfort and content, than is known to towns in any way walled in.

I have spoken of the seemingly unintentioned being of some other towns and of the prepense with which I was created. Let me explain. The man who decided that I was to be came here in an automobile three years ago, the car rolling across the roadless plain from a city several hundred miles back East. He was following an imaginary line marked at long intervals by tiny stakes—the intervals so long, indeed, that the chauffeur drove at times by compass. Halting here he prophesied, not by divination but by a pocket memorandum book in which were the records of a recent survey. Here shall the railroad station stand, said the man, and from it a street shall run due north a distance of two hundred feet, and there intersect at right angles another street, on the south side of which the stores shall be built. This street shall be the southern boundary of the public square, which shall extend a block on either side of the street from the station. On the north side of the square, a wide block from the street of stores, shall be built the public school; on the east side, the town hall and fire-house; on the west side, eventually, the library. The residence section shall lie to the north of the square, and the streets therein shall be wide and straight; and the center street, extending from the station, shall be boulevarded, and in all the streets shall trees be planted. No lots or farms shall be sold that would prevent the extension of the boulevarded street four miles further north, where is a lake.

A month later an odd band of men came here on horseback, and in buggies, wagons and automobiles, and from a man who stood in the tail of a wagon they bought, by bidding, sites for stores and dwellings. The railroad company, owner of the town-site, had told the public that whatever was bid for property above the actual cost of the land would be paid over to the town, when organized, for public improvements. From that first and subsequent sales money was raised which paid for the town-hall—a brick structure containing offices for the town officials, a room for council meetings, a room for fire apparatus—and for the planting of more than two hundred trees. When the first wagon-tail auction was held there wasn't a house in sight; but the men who put their money into lots could see ahead. The railroad then was twenty-two miles to the East. Within three weeks the first train came into town. Eighteen hundred people live here now, and in the vicinity a thousand more.

Do you know who these people are and whence they came? They are seekers after a bigger, freer opportunity for getting on in the world—good, plain, sturdy men who had grown weary of the settled, placid routine of their former places, who have too much ginger in them to miss the chance of sharing in the conquest of a new land. There is something inspiring in creating—in creating more than money—and especially inspiring is the creating of a new civilization in a land long occupied by inferior men and allowed by them to languish. These new conquerors find no castles to ravish, no venerable churches to profane, no aborigines to make their slaves; they find no need of carrying arms. A prosaic conquest? Perhaps; but not uninteresting. The carrying of civilization, productive, prosperous civilization, into the last west is done with the weapons of a modern age; but the fundamental principles of conquest, of building for unborn generations, are here—and they inspire.

There is nothing but plains here because nothing else is needed. Conquests of other lands were made with great danger to life, and mountains were necessary as defensive bulwarks against enemies, and forests for refuge. But when the enemies were overcome men set to work to level down the hills and cut the forests—they were obstructions. Here newcomers accomplish in a year what a hundred years ago could not have been done in a decade. The plain is easily traversible, and to industry it yields quickly and abundantly. Nothing more is needed to bring satisfaction and contentment but a social sense. That comes easily. In

the first place the people of this plain-land are of those who have succeeded in older parts and are here, not because poverty or wrong-doing have driven them to an outlying haven, but because plain, business reasoning sent them here. Secondly, when they are established here they act together. The uniformity of conditions throughout a wide area, the absence of natural divisional lines, the ability of one to stand on one's doorstep and see a neighbor a dozen miles away—these things create like interests and sociability. It's just as it is with the prairie birds—they show more of mutual aid and organization than do arboreal birds—and just as it was with the bison, and the Indians.

Unusual harmony is here, and unusual beauty, too. Nowhere are the phenomena of nature more wonderful. The absence of moisture in the air reveals marvels which men who live among the hills or near the sea have never seen. Who, for instance, save the plainsmen, have seen the very air opalescent? It is often so here—the dry atmosphere reflecting the light from the dust particles in vivid, changing hues. A sunset on the prairie is, I hold, more magnificent than in any other place; often the celestial coloring spreads over the earth itself, the horizon line is obliterated by it and all the west, plain and sky together, becomes a vast firmament of bewilderingly brilliant tones. In the dark of the moon more stars are visible above the plains than anywhere else in the world; the full moon's light is so deep and clear that all but the brightest stars are hid. Winter's wonders are without end. Snowflakes that fall on the Northwest's level stretches and the tracery of the frost upon the window panes are infinitely more varied than in milder climes. Haloes of extraordinary size, forms and colors show nearly every day and night, and here the aurora glows more often and more marvellously beautiful than elsewhere—for I stand on the edge of the nascent north.

To live in such a land as this—to see the warm, friendly sun roll up from out the East and range its rays over miles of dew-dripping wheat; to watch the azure morning blossom into blue, to hear the flight-song of the birds, which is seldom heard elsewhere than on the prairie; to feel the welcome wind as it wanders from the West and see it gently worrying the grain, to drink in the full, free beauty of the day, to see the yet more marvellous picture that comes with night, and to feel, to know, that now is Eternity and I and my contented people are in the midst of it—this, indeed, is life.

What has the city to show in opposition? He is (I have seen him) rushed and worried, restless at night, sick from intemperance. Towers of marble and granite rise into his sky (does my brother think he can step from a top window into heaven?) and these with brick blocks, and miles of brown-stone fronts with never a blade of grass, and gas tanks, and rattling cars, and dinning wagons on cobbled streets, and roaring trains above him and below—all these, man-made, confine and confuse him. The wind sighs for him but not as it does for me; it is a sad sigh, or a mad one. I, too, would be sad, or mad, if I had to carry the load of a city wind. The sun, so good a friend to me and so welcome here, shines sparingly on the city—but it is not the sun's fault. . . . I will not say more against my big brother. I want you to know, though, that I do not envy him.

LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

Rankin's Farm,
Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 20th, 1——

MY DEAR MOTHER:—It has been a great surprise to me to find that our Parson here, Mr. Reid, an old countryman, does not dislike Canada at all but is quite fond of this country and its people. Mr. Reid is a public school and University man, which makes it all the more surprising. He is on very friendly terms with Rankin and it was on Sunday afternoon when he dropped in on his way home from holding service in the school-house near here, that I met him. His parish is quite extensive and he has all the work he can attend to.

After he bade Rankin good-bye he spoke very kindly to me and I walked the road some distance with him, he also walking and leading his horse. I had made some remark complaining of the want of respect shown to Englishman by the people of this country.

"Look here," he said, "what kind of a time would one of these farmers' boys have if he were landed in upon a crowd of public school boys at home? Would your form at home have taken such a boy to themselves and made life a treat for him, or would you have treated him as an outsider?"

I could answer only that we would not have been entirely affectionate.

"Well, then, how do you suppose these people can sympathize with you? In fact Rankin here, I have no doubt, employs you more out of kindness than because he cannot get a man to suit him better for the money he pays you. This is kindness and as such should be appreciated by you."

"But," I said, "Englishmen seem to be disliked."

"Not at all, except what they bring upon themselves. And then think of the class of Englishmen who come out here. We were three boys in our family, and our father used to say that if we did not get on well at home, he would send us to the Colonies. I came here because I fancied the field for my labors and, please God, I am leading a useful life, but my two brothers are in Australia and are no more a success than you will be here if you take to drink and don't learn to meet your fellow men half way. This is a land of production and to make this land produce one has to work and consequently a man's worth is estimated by the amount of work he can do. You will find that an education in the classics won't do you much good unless it is backed by a naturally philosophical temperament."

"Are there many unsuccessful Englishmen in Australia?" I asked.

"Yes, the misfit and the failure are more numerous there than in Canada. That is because Australia is farther away from England than Canada is and there is less chance of a wayward boy drifting back home from Australia than from here to embarass his family, consequently more prodigals are sent to Australia. It is not fair to the Colonies and it is no wonder that the Colonies object."

Here the incident that happened to me in the bar-room when the so-called "civilized" Englishman brought so much ridicule on me, came to my mind, and I said that I had met educated Englishmen who had caused my discomfiture.

"Yes," replied Mr. Reid, "until you broaden your sympathies you will find that there are none so prone to hammer sense into you as your fellow countrymen who have assimilated. In fact, no person has a greater contempt for the tenderfoot than they or is more inclined to display it."

I smiled at this and asked him if there was any hope for me.

"Yes, decidedly, after you have been broke and go hungry several times, in the midst of plenty, for the want of money to buy a meal. There is nothing like hunger to bring a boy to his senses, especially if he has strength of character enough to abstain from vice."

We chatted away for some time till some remark of his prompted me to say, "You must be a democrat."

"I don't know that I am altogether a democrat, but I will say I am much more of a democrat now than I was before I viewed life in Australia and Canada. The struggle for existence in a new country is a test of character and the temptations lying about try the soul. Perhaps it is that the sight of a man who can talk of swell London clubs or quote Latin verse, blacking one's boots, and rushing with the money so earned to the nearest bar-room, is most conspicuous from the height of the fall, but such spectacles I have seen frequently enough to destroy much of my erstwhile veneration for birth and education."

I now stopped to bid Mr. Reid good-bye. "Good-bye," he said, shaking my hand, "God bless you. I hope I have not spoken too plainly to you on points concerning your deportment. For most strangers to do so, it would be a sign of friendship. I do it because I conceive it to be my duty, as well from the friendship I entertained for you because I think you will yet turn up trump."

As you will readily fancy, this conversation has given me deep thought. I wonder shall I ever become "civilized."

Operations on the farm are now directed to preparation for the harvest. To me the approaching operations will be highly interesting and I shall gain all the information and write you a full account of same. You may call it my essay on harvesting and I will fancy myself back in school.

To-day as I was working about the yard one of the fellows who were employed near me said, "Ho, Sam, did you ever hear a remittance man's description of farming in Manitoba?"

"No," replied Sam.

"It is this: "'Tis nice upon the winter's morning to get up and look out upon the open prairie and see the little butterflys making buttah and the grawshoppahs making graws.'"

This was said so I could overhear it; it was intended I should overhear it. How ridiculous! Butterflys don't make butter, nor do grasshoppers make grass.

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

Rankin's Farm,
Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 27, 1——

My dear Mother:—The very life of Rankin's farm, indeed that of the country as a whole, is the harvest. The cutting of grain throughout the length and breadth of the land is now in full swing and the binders (the machine that is used to cut the grain in this country also binds it into sheaves and is called a binder), are everywhere reducing the broad fields of yellow corn into sheaves which are piled into stooks by the men who follow after, and then they are gathered

up in wagons and formed into stacks, or, in some cases as with us, are carried directly to the thresher where six or eight men "pitch" the sheaves to the "cutter," on either hand of the "feeder." The cutters have each a table before them, and as the sheaf is flung on these he cuts the twine that binds it and slides it in front of the feeder who pushes or "feeds" it into the thresher in its disintegrated form. The thresher proper is a cylinder of wood or iron, in which spikes are inserted in rows, which revolves at high speed, the spikes passing between other rows of spikes in the body of the machine. This loosens the grain and the chaff from the straw; the latter flies from the machine and the former goes through the separators and the cleaners in which the chaff and "seeds" are removed, and the clean corn pours from a spout into bags ready to receive it. All is done with amazing speed. We work hard, needless to say—and such appetites we have!

The weather these days is glorious. The air in the morning is chilly and bracing. At noon it is hot and the evenings deliciously cool, with delightful sunsets. Far over the prairies are to be seen the great fields with grain half cut, and the pillars of smoke arising from the steam threshing "outfits". Now is tribute gathered from the soil, and the fires which gleam through the darkness of the night speak of the corn being separated from the chaff. In cutting the fields, which are mostly rectangular and often square, the binders start on the edge and wind round and round the field, and as the grain is cut and stooked, the border so treated sets off the uncut portion with effect.

The harvest is a bounteous one and the good humor has infected even the "hired men". These farmers all complain of their hard work, but nevertheless they seem to enjoy life, and I never yet met a people who were so thoroughly devoid of care or bore, at least the semblance of being so. The life, however is certainly one of hard work and I often contrast the life Rankin leads with what I pictured should be mine ere I set foot in Canada. Though the life here is hard it commends itself to one as being infinitely preferable to that led by many of our people at home, who, with equal labor, gain their livelihood and nothing else. The farmer here owns his land—something to leave to his children. The prairies' bleakness is mitigated and even overcome by the planting of trees, while in many places where the settling of the districts has prevented the recurrence of prairie fires, nature is asserting herself and trees are springing up. The prairie is practically treeless only because the fires have gained the upper hand.

As a rule the prairie farmer tills but a portion of his land. One finds these fellows holding anywhere from one hundred to fifteen hundred acres and even more, and tilling but twenty five to seventy-five per cent. of the same. Of course some of the untilled land is poor or worthless, but the greater portion simply lacks training and clearing. To picture this great country peopled, tilled and cultivated to its full is to view the Empire's greatest asset. Men here from Eastern Canada have told me the tale of the early settlement of Eastern Canada and hardships endured by the United Empire Loyalists and the early Scotch settlers in overcoming the wilderness in Ontario and in Eastern Canada generally, and I cannot help thinking that the task before the prairie settler is but slight in comparison with that faced by the Loyalists and the wards of Lord Selkirk.

I am now convinced that the first requisite of the successful colonist is a cheerful disposition and training to work. The nature to be content on the prairies alone amid hardship is not contained in every man, while the ability to do hard work in dreary monotonous forms is largely the product of birth, but where the two are combined, or the latter exists to a marked degree, there you have an ideal settler, a man who can, be his fortunes what they may, secure for himself an independence within a decade in this vast extent of latent corn fields.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Oct. 23rd, 1——

My dear Mother:—Such a dreadful thing has happened! I have shot a man. The last of harvest saw a fall of snow that quickly went. There followed then a month of weather almost ideal, called in this country "Indian Summer," which bears an individuality all its own. A frosty night is followed by a day of glorious sunshine; the air has power to lend exhilaration to one's spirits, while the sky takes on its deepest blue. The leaves of the shrubs and bushes turn yellow and red and bedeck the landscape close at hand, and tinge that upon the distance. It seems as if it were a recompense for the winter close at hand.

One such day, I gained permission to go hunting prairie chickens and Rankin lent me his gun. I set out and had the best of sport and so kept on and on. The air was bracing and it seemed that I could walk forever, but all at once I noticed the sun was getting low and I set out on my return. As I was getting close to home I came upon a bluff of poplars and all at once I noticed something moving about among the trees of a projecting cluster at a distance of about a hundred yards. I stood looking at its erratic movements; it stood still and then it seemed to dart out of sight to reappear somewhere else. It was a place none of the men ever went, as it lay some distance from the house and there was nothing to attract anyone there. All this I reasoned and felt sure it must be some wild animal, so I let drive.

My shot was answered by most awful human shouts and yells, and a man sprang from out the bushes and shouted, "Don't shoot, don't shoot." As if there were any fear of my shooting again, when I knew it was a man.

I ran towards him and he pulled a handerchief from his pocket and held it to his face. When I caught him up he was swearing like a trooper. I told him I had not done it on purpose, to which he replied with a torrent of abuse. I never heard a man swear so violently—and such names he called me! He said I was a "fool, a d—— fool of an Englishman, who should never have been turned loose in a civilized country,"—and a lot more such rot. Just fancy! how these people think that this is a civilized country and in comparison with England! I told him that I had thought he was a wild beast among the bushes, and then he wished to know how I thought I could injure a wild animal with a small shotgun at about a hundred yards. This made him start off with another volley of oaths and abuse.

Of course I could not dream of continuing my engagement with a man who used such language to me, so I requested him to pay me up, which he did. It was my employer I had shot.

I left his place cursing myself for an ass to have allowed myself to be cheated out of my money by Jenkins and placed in such a position.

I came to this town, where I have since been stopping at a cheap hotel, trying to get other employment. I have not succeeded and have been advised to go to Winnipeg. I must get something soon, as my money is nearly spent.

The winter now is dreary and cold. I walk out every day for exercise but the wind is chill and the sun obscured totally or in part by leaden clouds. There is a touch of sadness throughout all nature, the snow hanging on the bushes makes them bow their heads as it were and the few remaining birds chirp in a plaintive sort of way. It all gives one the hump most dreadfully, which seems to impress my misfortunes upon me.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Nov. 10th, 1—

My dear Mother:—I have made such a wonderful discovery, I have found a Canadian who is a gentleman. He is an engineer by profession, has been doing survey work in this neighborhood, and has been stopping at the same hotel with me for the last few days.

This evening we were both sitting with our feet on the stove when he opened the conversation by asking how long I had been in the country. It is

very strange how these Canadians can guess so much of one's antecedents.

I answered his question and we soon fell into quite an animated conversation. He told me of his experiences throughout the country and gave me much valuable information. I was delighted to meet so entertaining a companion and in my enthusiasm I said:

"But you must be an Englishman, you talk quite like a gentleman?"

"He looked at me for a moment with a sort of puzzled expression I could not quite make out and then he said, "No, I am a Canadian."

"Oh," I said, "I beg your pardon." Again he looked at me in the same puzzling way and then smiled.

As here was an educated man, brought up in the country, the idea struck me that this was a good opportunity to find out the reason why Canadians disliked Englishmen. To my question he rephed:

"Canadians don't dislike Englishmen except in the localities where the remittance men concentrate, and even there only the remittance men are disliked. Why, in Eastern Canada the Englishman is very popular and an Englishman with fair address is taken up by the society folk in a manner that you people at home would never dream of doing to a Canadian unless he had the highest introductions. This trait of our people in its extremest forms we call Anglomania, and the disease is growing and, as a complication, the English accent is making its appearance."

"The English accent? I don't understand you. There is the English language and the Englishman's way of speaking it, there is the American or any other accent."

"It is the only thing to call it," he rejoined. "If you ever lived in Halifax, Ottawa, or Victoria, British Columbia, you would know what I mean. Of course the better class of Canadians don't affect it, it is limited to the socially ambitious. It is very distressing, however, though fortunately epidemic only in the three places I have mentioned and there only with a faction of the people. In Halifax the presence of the military is the cause, in Ottawa the Governor General and his staff, and in Victoria it is just habit quite extreme enough to be styled a disease "

"This is very funny, I don't understand it quite," I was forced to remark

"Funny? Certainly it is funny, or worse, but it is not indicative of a widespread dislike to Englishmen among Canadians. Now don't understand me to mean that I dislike the Englishman's manner of speaking. To me the Englishman's voice is very pleasant and that of the English gentlewoman, in its soft modulation, is delightful. It is the affectation of some of our own people I dislike."

"I may say," he continued, "that the greatest shock these people got was when the Prince of Wales came out here, for try as they would they could not distinguish any accent in his voice at all and consequently were much disappointed."

"Oh," I said.

My companion looked at me for a moment and then made a reassuring gesture with his hand, his peculiar smile playing over his features. "Don't be alarmed," he said, "there is absolutely no danger of an insurrection, the Canadian people as a whole are among the most loyal of British subjects, and as I have said before those of our people who are emulating the ever-memorable Jackdaw are happily few in number but their accent is the most wonderful phonation in the whole realm of acoustics

"You should hear it before you return to England."

"I shall," I said.

"To give you a sample," he said, "I once heard a girl say she laughed and laughed and laughed and nearly split her sides laffing."

"How wonderful," I could not help exclaiming.

Here my companion retired to his room and I have been writing this letter ever since. To-morrow I leave for Winnipeg. I have not money enough left to pay my fare, so I am going to the next town where perhaps I can earn enough to carry me the rest

of the journey, if not, I shall walk. Not to be hampered with luggage I am leaving the most of my effects here.

The porter has just filled the stove full of wood for the night and I am left alone in the sitting room with its dingy pictures hung about its smoke begrimed walls, so I, too, shall say good-night.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

Plummer's Hotel,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Nov. 20th, 1—

My dear Mother:—Want of proper food, and the lack of any companion with whom I can exchange ideas, has had a most depressing effect upon my spirits and last evening when I arrived here I was particularly depressed. Every man I saw seemed to be my enemy.

Leaving the station and walking up Main street the wind was cold and raw and flakes of snow were in the air. Everybody seemed in a hurry, yet all seemed in good spirits.

As six o'clock came and the crowds of girls came out of the offices and shops, laughing and hurrying to their homes, they seemed to me to be my enemies. The boys snow-balling each other and shouting in the street seemed to aim their missiles at my sensibilities and it would have relieved me to box their ears.

All was bright and full of life,—I alone was depressed. And then I began brooding on why I was different from those I saw around me. I was educated,—they were not. They were happy,—I was not. I envied them their happiness. My education is the product of much time and money yet it is useless. It teaches me to suffer rather than to bear pain.

The jingle of the bells on a passing sleigh is gay and strong in confidence. The clammy hand of despair does not muffle the sound but I turned from the sleighs to the crowd and the shop windows.

In the stationer's window I saw Santa Claus with a tin horn in one hand and a Union Jack in the other. Both the figure and the emblem reminded me of dear old England. England and Christmas,—the thought seemed to me a mockery—the diabolical inspiration of despair. The crowd continued to hurry past and in its mass I continued to see signs of contentment and of happiness in the faces of souls obtuse and uncultured, yet their happiness and their contentment show that they are active units in society, which I am not.

The coldness of the atmosphere fairly gripped my heart, so I sought the warmth of one of the hotels. I entered what they call out here, the "rotunda," and sat down in a seat near a coil of steam pipes. Gradually the heat penetrated my body, my muscles relaxed and a great contentment came over me. Here was warmth at least, and being warm my hunger did not press me so hard.

It was now the hour for the evening meal and I heard the word "dinner" spoken by the members of the crowd about me. One man asked another to accept his hospitality and the other refused, giving an excuse. How I wished the invitation had been given to me.

A man flopped down in the seat along side of me. His face was flushed and bore signs of too much wine.

"Fine night," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Cold."

"Yes, very cold," I answered.

"You're an Englishman?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Thought so," said he, "a remittance man. Remittance men ain't no good for work but sometimes they make flunkies and bar-tenders, or further west they join the Mounted Police. The Mounted Police is nearly all made up of remittance men and there ain't no better force on the top of God's green earth. Say! will you have a drink?"

What effect liquor would have in my famished condition I did not know, but I said yes and went into the bar and asked for a glass of Port wine. My host called for whiskey and drank liberally. As he drank he looked at me a long time and asked, "Remittances coming regularly?"

I replied that the Governor had refused to send me any more money, to

which my new friend replied: "He does right, if you're any good you'll make your own way in this country. Been eating regular lately?"

I was first inclined to resent the question but as the fellow seemed good natured I answered that I had had nothing to eat since early morning.

"Better come and eat with me," he said.

This was evidently an invitation to dinner and I replied that I would be glad to do so. He led the way to the dining room and we sat down.

The immediate prospect of a good meal, to be eaten in comfort, caused a glow to pass through my body. As I ate my soup, the stimulation of the atmosphere outside, which had lately benumbed me, came upon me and I felt the hilarity that had lately appealed to me as almost diabolic in the throng outside.

My friend ate and talked and did each in an erratic manner. He said to me:

"You're going to try and get a job?"

I replied that I was.

"Well then," he said, "let me give you a pointer. Chuck those pants you have on" (pointing to my riding breeches) "and put on a pair of white-man's pants and your chances will be better." I told him that these were the only garments of this nature I had with me, the main part of my wardrobe being in the country. "Well," he replied, "as soon as you get the money buy a cheap pair of pants and your chances of success will be better. With those things you have on a man could spot you for a remittance man a mile off, and being a remittance man ain't the best recommendation on top of the earth for a job in which you are to make yourself useful."

As the fellow was talkative and as they say only drunken men and fools tell the truth, I thought that here was an opportunity to gain the truth. My friend was drunk, he was not a fool, so I asked him what objection people had to remittance men, that they would not employ them. He jumped in his chair and brought his fist down on the table so that the glasses rattled. His eyes shone out and he stared at me. "Why don't they give remittance men jobs?" he repeated. "They don't give remittance men jobs because they are no d—— good. They are no good before their parents send them out to this country to get rid of them. They can't make a living in a country where they are used to the ways, and yet they expect to make things go here, where they don't know the ways,—and they don't seem to want to know the ways. If they did, you'd get rid of those pants. Why are the remittance men no good at home?—for the simple reason they ain't taught to be. From asking questions, the way I size the proposition up is that the remittance man is kept lally gagging round home, doing nothing but making himself look pretty, until he is twenty or twenty-two and then his people come down to earth and find that it is about time he was earning a dollar or two for himself, especially if he is cutting up mean. Then they pack him off to Canada to become the free and independent gentleman farmer. They tell him to be sure and be a gentleman, and he generally is, for being a gentleman is to have the ability to borrow money on your face, when you don't know how in the devil you are to pay it back, and care less. That is why I never lend money to a remittance man, for the remittance men are mostly gentlemen. No Sir," my host continued, and he got more and more excited, "I don't want any remittance men working for me. They are a class of fellows who ain't been brought up like me. They have never been turned loose and made to rustle round at sixteen years of age, and their ideas about themselves are away up in the air, while their ideas of making themselves useful—well, they ain't got any ideas on the subject at all. It ain't because they are English that they're no good, it's because of the training they get in England, or the training they don't get, take it as you like it. Look at me. I rustled around the farm back east when I was nine years old, going to school in winter, and I got all the schooling that was good for me in the winter, and I've got a store up the line with a few hundred acres of wheat land and some cattle on the plains

further west. I've earned them all and how to ask a man for the loan of a five dollar bill I don't know."

"Give me the opportunity and I will make money."

"Give you the opportunity! give you money! No, sir, the opportunity is here, right round you; but you've got to lay hold of it yourself and before you can lay hold of it you've got to see it. Therefore, young fellow, learn to size up your fellow man. Don't be ashamed that you are alive or ashamed to let the world see you are alive. And be honest, above all things be honest, no matter how hungry you get, stay straight. You can shake yourself clean of hard luck but dishonesty sticks like a mortgage on a widow's farm. It's worse than whiskey is with me—and it ain't my fault I'm drunk now."

Soon after this we finished our dinner and my friend left and I and my thoughts were again close companions. I left the hotel and walked out into the night. The stars stood out as glittering points in inky blackness, giving promise of greater cold. But I soon gravitated, back to this hotel and have passed the hours, far into the night, writing this letter. How I shall pass the remaining hours of the night I know not. Hunger is a great stimulus to thought and it is probably because I have been thinking of what my host of the evening said during dinner that has made them part of this letter. One thing I have decided, and that is that there is something I lack which prevents me from entering into life where force of personality is the gauge of success. Or is it something I possess in excess—self-consciousness or what?

Pardon me for detailing my troubles so strongly, but setting them on paper seems to give a vent to too much thought, the inspiration of my condition. The problem of what attributes lead to success has taken hold of my fancy which was stimulated by the ideas of my erratic friend at dinner.

Do not be distressed at my experience. I feel that I shall yet come out on top.

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN.

(To be continued.)

HILL-MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG

BY DON MUNDAY

HUSH, baby-nestling; oh, hush to my song
That is only a coyote ahowl on the hill
Father will keep my wee baby from ill
Father will not be long.

Sleep, baby-birdling, sleep, while I croon
That is only the shout of the lone little owl
Out where the shadows shroud close like a cowl
Father will come soon—soon.

Dream, dearie, dream, while I whisper low
That is only a trickle of gravel aslide
Suddenly down from the coulee-side
Not the step we're waiting so!

Rest, little one, rest; that is only a tear
From my anxious eyes on your brow let drop
Hark! hoof-beats draw near the corral, and stop—
Rest now for father is here!

MOTOMACHI'S MEMORY

BY HILDA V. T. JONES.

The Japanese in their stoicism do not recognize tears or laughter. Among us the art of concealment is a rare one, while they are masters in it. This is touchingly illustrated in the following true incident, told by the wife of the United States Consul General at Winnipeg. During the Russo-Japanese war Dr. Jones was consul at Dalny, Manchuria, and afterwards spent some time in Japan, where Mrs. Jones was a most sympathetic observer of the people.—THE EDITOR.

MOTOMACHI has a memory. At any hour of the day people passing along the quiet highway may see a sleek white horse peacefully grazing beside the road. Every night a different hand leads him tenderly and lovingly to his comfortable stable. The tenderness and love are blended with reverence, for this horse carries within him the spirits of many beloved dead. At his own death he will become a local temple-god, and he will always be a memory as well.

When the war with Russia came, each district in Japan sent out a company of young men, completely equipped for the field. The branch of service to which they would be assigned was always specified. Motomachi's company was to join the artillery. This meant a complement of horses, and to buy these the district was crippled beyond our power to comprehend, for the people were poor. But horses were called for, and so the horses were furnished. Old Hako San, the wisest man and the most patriotic in Motomachi, incurred debt to buy a beautiful white one, because his boy, the pride of his life, was of those who were to go, and if Hako San gave, he must give the best. There were twenty boys in the company. Most of them elder sons, some of them only sons of middle-class farmers.

The farewell was made quietly, impassively, proudly. There was no weeping, no noise beyond the "banzais." And so they passed away to war.

When they had gone, the village life went on as it had always done. The mothers played their part in the passing of time, with no sign visible to the idle curious save a something in their hollow eyes that told of silent resignation.

These twenty lads were sent to Manchuria, to the siege of Port Arthur. At first, monthly letters reached home. Then the censorship grew more severe, and the letters ceased. After that came vague news of victories, but nothing definite. It was not until peace was declared that any real account of events reached the people of the country. Then came word that the troops were returning home.

Yokohama waked up to this, as if by magic. Preparations of welcome on a lavish scale were made. The city became a blaze of life and color. Banners and flags fluttered by day from triumphal arches and from every house, and lanterns shone at night.

For two weeks the trains had been greeted with tumultuous "banzais," the crowds changing as the soldiers of the various outlying places came in. Their departure had been grim and unemotional, and so their return was doubly affecting. At last news came to Motomachi that the 90th, their boys' regiment, would arrive in Yokohama from Kobe the next morning. The joy of the village knew no bounds. Each heart sang to itself as the day's tasks were hurried through. All that night the temple-gongs sounded. All night long, lights were burning within doors, where the women were preparing delicacies, and clothing, and baths, and

poems of greeting. Banners were hastily cut out and sewn together. And so the preparations went on until dawn, for no one thought of sleep.

Before Yokohama was awake Motomachi was deserted. The walk to the city and the railway station was wearisome, and very long. No definite time had been given for the arrival of the train, and so they waited. Hour after hour passed, and other trains bringing their regiments came, but not the one they had come to meet. The women began to feel the unusual strain. They sought the shade under the low eaves of the station, or the seats in the overcrowded waiting rooms. The men loitered outside, too hot, too anxious, and too tired to exchange even idle gossip.

By noon five trains of troops had come and been welcomed, and gone away. Things moved smoothly, with well-ordered rapidity. An occasional hurrah was heard as some well-known figure appeared, but it was always from some enthusiastic foreigner.

At last, about two o'clock, it was given out that the train bearing the 90th regiment was drawing in. There was a straightening out of the ranks of the Motomachi people, and a suppressed tremor of excitement ran among the women lined up behind the men. Their hopes were about to be realized, or—

The train rolled up to the station and stopped, and the 90th began to debark. The commanders, the captains, the petty officers, and then the men, passed through the gates to their individual groups of waiting neighbors, but none of the lads of Motomachi had appeared. The captain to whose command they had been given, and who had been so proud of them that day of the departure, came last, with bended head, alone. He did not know the Motomachi people, but they knew him. His face had been impressed upon their memory the day he led their boys away.

At sight of him their breathing stopped. He passed quickly and quietly through their ranks, unmindful of their questioning eyes. They watched him in awestruck silence until he was swallowed up in the great crowd outside. Then again, with compressed lips, they turned toward the train.

From far behind, a strange young man was coming, leading unsteadily a lean white horse. No one else.

Their hearts stood still. Tired eyes closed, that they might not see what they feared would be revealed in the faces of others close by. The remembrance of Hako San's unceasing labors to pay the cost of that white horse struck them like blows upon the head. They dared not look at Hako San as he stood there beside them, waiting to greet his son.

The strange voice of the youth who lead the horse broke the silence.

"No news was bad news for you, my friends and brothers. I bring back to you the last of the brave company you sent to the front. The gods protected him in the face of the impossible. Before the Two Dragon fortress he escaped when all but he went down. In the first attempt to reach the top, the boys you sent fell, side by side. Buddha alone knows how it came that the horse was left alive."

As he spoke, he laid his hand upon the animal's shaggy mane.

A moment of silence. Then Hako San went up to the stranger, bowed respectfully, and took the strap from his hands. As he turned to them again, his face was drawn, and very old. Without a sound, he saluted the horse. Without a sound, they followed his example. Then the little band struck up a solemn anthem, and the procession started upon its journey home.

Each ached with the thought of the preparations to welcome the return of those whom now they knew would never return. The flaunting decorations in the streets hurt their eyes. The care-free voices of the foreigners mocked their ears. Deep in their hearts they buried their tormenting sorrow. Stoicism was their comfort, their relief, their sanctuary.

With bowed head but firm step, Hako San led the white horse, that was thenceforth to be the reminder of their grief, the memory of their losses.

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Grace Williamson Wilde, the dramatic critic, is to perform this service, assisted by Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, who will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. This month we have selected "Pierre of the Plains" by Edgar Selwyn.—THE EDITOR.

BY CHANCE, because the cards willed it so, Pierre returned to the plains the night that Val Galbraith got into the trouble that endangered his life.

How Pierre, imp of mischief, discovered the state of affairs is a mystery, for he was not present at the murder. Yet in this knowledge lay Pierre's opportunity to accomplish a life-long purpose; the purpose of winning the friendship and trust of Val and his sister Jen.

Val was not a worthless fellow, only young and reckless. During a night of carousal at Moose Horn, an Indian, who had been drinking, offered to buy Val's sister, Jen, for his squaw. In another moment the Indian lay dead, and Val was fleeing for his life.

When Pierre appeared at the Galbraith's roadhouse several hours later, Val had already retired to his room. Pierre hastily forced his plan of escape upon old Peter Galbraith to whom Val had confessed nothing. Pierre told him that the inspector at Moose Horn had already given the order for Val's arrest and that Sergeant Redding was well on his way with it to Fort Desire. Val's only chance of escape lay in mounting horse at once, getting a fresh relay at Martins', where Pierre had made arrangements for him, and speeding toward the Montana border, forty miles away.

Val was difficult to persuade, for he did not trust Pierre's promise as to the relay. Yet at last, he could not resist his father's pleading to seize the possible opportunity of escape, and he left without even a farewell to Jen, lest she should suspect his guilt.

In his zeal for Val's safety, Pierre has imperiled his own, for Jap Durkin, a Government guide, has seen Pierre enter the Galbraith's roadhouse and waited until he thinks Pierre is alone. He has sworn to kill him because Pierre rescued from his evil intent a beautiful half-breed girl.

Jap closes the door softly behind him.

"Where is Barbette, now?" he asks, in an even tone.

Pierre turns at the words and gazes into the barrels of the revolver Jap has treacherously drawn

"I have taken her back to her

people," answers Pierre coolly, rolling a cigarette. "By this time she has told her father that your wife is still alive. You will never get Barbette now."

Jap aims the pistol. Pierre is unarmed.

At that moment Jen, who has been preparing coffee and bacon for Pierre, enters. "Here, you stop that, Jap Durkin," she cries, authoritatively. "You might break something valuable. Last year, somebody shot a beautiful vase dad brought from Winnipeg."

At the sudden interruption Jap Durkin turns his head, and in a flash Pierre flings himself upon him, twisting the pistol from his hand. "It wasn't on the cards for you to get away with that play," he cries, mockingly.

Pierre empties the revolver of cartridges and hands it back to Jap. Jap receives it insolently. "Got me that time," he says, suavely, as he leaves the house.

Jen turns aside Pierre's thanks with a laugh and an indifferent toss of her golden head, she disapproves of his gambling and shiftless ways.

At this moment they hear the gallop of a horse. The rider dismounts hastily, the door is flung open, and Sergeant Tom Redding stands in the doorway. He is covered with dust, his face is grey with it, and he has the grim composure of a man who has been many days in the saddle.

Pierre, with a casual nod of greeting to Tom, seats himself on the deal counter, which gives the dignity of a store as well as hotel to the roadhouse, and begins to consult his cards to assure himself that Val Galbraith is making good his escape, the while singing softly.

Frequently Pierre casts shrewd glances at Jen and the Sergeant, who draw very close together, exchanging commonplaces with tender intonations. Evidently Tom Redding does not know whose name is on the message he carries. If only Jen could attract the Sergeant for a few hours, Val would be safe.

Jen insists upon preparing fresh coffee for the Sergeant, and when she returns from the kitchen Tom makes her sit down at the table and eat with him. As she has brought but one cup, he appropriates to his own use a cup from the table where old Peter has been sitting.

Pierre laughs softly to himself as he watches Tom fill the cup and begin to drink. The problem of retaining Tom overnight is solving itself, for the cup he used contained the remains of the laudanum that old Peter had been applying to an aching tooth.

The Sergeant, exhausted by three days in the saddle, immediately responds to the drug While his eyes grow heavy, his tongue grows light and he tells Jen what he has intended to keep to himself:

"I didn't mean to say anything tonight, but there's something in your eyes now that makes me bold. You must see that I love you, Jen. I'll take good care of you, dear girl, if you'll take me."

There is not a trace of hesitation or coquetry in Jen's affirmative. Although she is more courted than any other girl on the plains, no one has ever usurped the young Sergeant's place in her heart.

Tom feels his head becoming heavier and heavier. He realizes that he should exert himself to leave; he must deliver the message to the post before twelve o'clock that night or suffer disgrace.

He rises and attempts to draw on his coat, but the full effects of the drug are upon him. Before the frightened eyes of Jen, he falls on the sofa in a stupor.

Peter orders Jen off to her bed. He and Pierre retire soon ofter, well satisfied with the accident that advanced their purpose.

Jen has gone to her room but not to sleep. When she hears the last footsteps of Pierre and her father on the loft above her room, she hastily returns to Tom. Once more she tries to wake him, whispering that he must do his duty, that the message must be delivered. Then with a quick resolution springing from the love acknowledged such a short time before, she snatches up his Stetson, slips on his coat, softly opens the outer door, and is gone into the night.

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EDGAR SELWYN, THE AUTHOR OF "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS" AND CREATOR OF THE TITLE ROLL

The pale chill light of the autumn morning has settled on the plains. All is quiet in Peter Galbraith's roadhouse. Peter has passed the night in uneasy dreams. Pierre, who requires excitement for happiness, has slept as peacefully as a child.

When Peter finds the Sergeant in as heavy a stupor as the previous evening, he is terrified. Whether Val is safely away or not, the Sergeant must be awakened at once.

Pierre holds the Sergeant upright with one hand, while with the other he cuffs him heartily. Tom stiffens abruptly and sits upright without Pierre's assistance. At first he is dazed. Gradually he remembers the events of the previous night. Then, from a flood of recollections the thought stands out distinctly that he did not go to the fort.

He leaps to his feet, seizes his coat and feels in his pocket for the message. He glances fiercely at the two men and at Jen who appears from her room. Someone among them has filched the paper.

"Who is the thief?" he demands, angrily.

There is a silence. Then Jen answers gently, with her sweet face raised to his. "I am, Tom. I carried the message to the post last night."

Tom gazes at her in wonder; Pierre in swift admiration; old Peter in horror.

Peter finds his voice first. "Do you know what you've done?" he advances toward her menacingly. His sole concern is for the boy in danger. Until this moment he has not realized how much he loves his son. "I will tell you——"

Pierre catches his arm roughly. The physical hindrance seems to hold back the old man's torrent of words.

In the short silence which follows, they hear the approaching gallop of many horses. The riders halt outside. The door is thrown open briskly and several Mounted Police enter. In their midst is Val, his hands bound behind his back

"The cards were against us, mon ami," mutters Pierre, his arm on Peter's shoulder becoming very gentle.

For one terrible moment Jen faces Val. The Indian killed at Moose Horn. . . . .Val's strange departure the previous evening. . . .the concern of her father and Pierre that the murderer's name should not reach the Post. Now the relation of these facts overwhelms her. She has betrayed her brother. "Val," she moans, and flings herself on his breast.

Val appears nonchalant. His boyish pride will not allow him to reveal concern for his fate or regret for his deed. He hurries through the necessary farewells to his father and Jen.

"Pierre," he says, looking at him with trusting eyes for the first time in his life. "The horse was there as you promised."

Then he signifies that he is ready to go.

Pierre and Jen are left alone.

"You tried to help him, Pierre," she says. "Ah, you are not the devil you try to appear. But I—what have I done?"

He tries to soothe her. "The right or wrong of a thing is nothing. It is what we *feel*. That was a grand ride you made last night—and all for a man." His dark face glows. He speaks rapidly. "Tell me, would you make another such ride for your brother? I am going to the fort tonight. He may need a friend in the darkness. Someone must attend to the horses; someone must take him the word. They would let you see him for you are his sister."

"But I must tell father."

"You do not trust Pierre," wistfully. "You did not tell your father when you went last night."

She considers the situation swiftly. The events of the last few hours have reversed her ideas of Pierre's untrustworthiness. "I will go with you."

"At sunset I shall be waiting for you on the Rise."

She nods.

"Until sunset, then—Pierre goes to prepare the way. They will cry and tear their hair, these lawmakers, but we will take him from them. Au revoir, ma cherie—au revoir!"

* * * * * *

The third act reveals a wooded

eminence on the edge of the plains within a mile or so of the Montana border. In a hollow shelter, protected by shrubs and trees, Pierre and Jen have built a fire while they rest for a few minutes before making the long return over the forty miles of lone trail between them and the Galbraith's roadhouse.

Val has just left them to make the final spurt over the border alone. In Val's rescue, coolly accomplished by Jen and Pierre, Pierre has assaulted a guard. Jap Durkin is guiding the pursuing Mounted Police, and in spite of Pierre's efforts to cover his trail, the Mounted Police are close behind. They must push forward as soon as Jen is rested.

With the new interest resulting from her trust in him, Jen asks him of himself. He tells her of his Indian mother and the white father.

"It was when my mother told me of my father that the evil came into my heart, and when the cards began to run my way I went to look for him—but I was too late. Then I studied hard to grow wise and try many things. But always I hear the song of the plains which draws me back again. Here I am nothing to them, only Pierre the gambler—the half-breed! They will have me bad whether I will or no. So I say 'to hell with them all!' Pierre will live his life in his own way."

"We were cruel," breathes Jen. "But it taught you much."

"It taught me only to hate. There are but two things in the world, ma cherie. Love and hate. And wrongs do not make a man love."

"That is not true," protests Jen in soft passion. "You have shown me that your heart is big."

"It *is* true, but one may be stronger than the other, for they are kin. I know that because one day I came to a place where is a little girl, and all the hate went out from me for when I saw her it seemed as if Le Bon Dieu Himself had come into my soul. The sun was shining and I knew it was for her. What matter if they despised me or that she hated me? Pierre loved. They could not take that away."

"And you have never told that little girl that you love her? Ah, you should tell her, Pierre, she would understand."

"Would you understand?" In the heat of emotion, both have risen. Then he catches her fiercely in his arms.

For the moment his passion sweeps away the thought of her lover. Then she pushes him away with all the energy of her young strength. She is about to speak when he hushes her abruptly

They have delayed too long. The Mounted Police are on them.

Pierre draws his revolver. At least he will part with their lives dearly. Jen clutches his arm. If Pierre shoots, Tom, who is leading the Police, will be the first to fall.

Jen points to the crevice. The Mounted Police have not yet caught sight of them. "You must hide in there. I shall say that you have gone on. Tom is in command and he will believe me."

As Pierre hesitates, she pleads softly, "Ah, Pierre, I've trusted you. Won't you trust me?"

Half-ruefully, he allows her to take away his pistol. "But I did not know that I could trust so much."

He crawls into the crevice just as the Mounted Police, guided by Jap Durkin, rush down the path.

Jen tells Tom indifferently that Pierre has gone on ahead. She is very tired. She begs Tom to take her home.

He insists upon remaining until his men have searched thoroughly for Pierre.

When they approach the crevice, Jen says casually: "He is not in there, Tom. Come, I'm tired. Take me home."

"The men must search in order to be sure."

Jap Durkin presses forward that he may be the first to enter. Jen bars the entrance, as if just awaking to an interest in the situation. "But, Tom," eagerly, "you don't doubt my word? I have said that he is not there."

Then, as Tom holds his ground, she says passionately to him: "If you won't believe my word, Tom, it is all over between us. Do you understand? I shall never speak to you again."

He looks into her determined face a moment, then turning to his men, orders them to retreat.

Tom's superior officer appears unexpectedly. Jap Durkin accuses Tom of slighting his duty because he is "sweet" on the girl.

The captain orders the crevice searched. Jap attempts to enter. Tom brushes him aside with the warning that this is his particular duty.

As Tom passes Jen, she whispers hurriedly, "Tom, they mustn't catch Pierre, do you hear? I alone am to blame for Val's escape. Let me take the consequences."

The little group of Mounted Police wait in tense suspense. The white light from the moon now high in the sky, shines on the rigid face of the girl.

Tom returns. He salutes his superior. "He is not there, sir."

When all have gone and the hollow is deserted, Pierre crawls from his hiding place. "Ah," he whispers, in admiration tinged with awe, "that was a grand thing he did for her."

Pierre seats himself on a log near the fire. Shall he join Val over the border line, a mile away or shall he risk everything in returning to the girl? He gazes dreamily into the fire and draws the ever-faithful deck of cards from his pocket for advice.

As he deals the cards, a shaggy head appears through an opening in the shrubs on the bluff above and watches him stealthily.

Suddenly the Indian in Pierre feels the intent gaze. Craftily he flattens himself against the wall of tangled vines, creeps along it until he thinks himself out of range, and then leaps swiftly into the open and faces his antagonist.

The same instant that he recognizes Durkin, Jap gets him in range and fires.

Pierre drops in a limp heap.

Jap watches for him to move ever so slightly. As Pierre remains without an apparent sign of life, Jap descends the path. He stirs Pierre contemptously with his foot.

This temporary relaxation is exactly what the crafty Pierre with his Indian tricks has encouraged. He leaps to his feet. Jap, taken by surprise, has no opportunity to use his pistol. Pierre, of slight physique, is nimble, and his quicker intelligence counteracts the advantage of Jap's more powerful form. With accord they draw their knives. The bitter hate which has been gathering in their hearts for many years at last finds unrestrained outlet.

Suddenly, Pierre forces Jap up the rugged incline. Jap, stupid with heat and rage, does not penetrate his purpose. Pierre abruptly looses his hold and with a supreme effort drives his knife up to the hilt into Jap's body.

With an ugly, sickening gasp, Jap falls backward down the incline. The rough stones and the terrible descent complete the work of Pierre's knife.

In the warmth of victory, Pierre's first thought is of the girl. He has conquered his enemy; the cards willed it so. Now he will return to Jen.

* * * * * *

The curtain of the fourth act rises upon the comfortable sanctuary of Father Coraine. It is here that Jen has insisted upon waiting for news of Pierre. The only information Tom has brought her is that the Mounted Police have found Jap's dead body and have spent the night in a futile search for Pierre. Jen is tortured by the thought that she has taken away his weapon and left him unarmed to resist his pursuers.

Jen and the good Father are sitting before the fireplace awaiting a refreshing cup of tea when the door swings open and shut again. Against it weakly leans Pierre, his hair ragged, his face seamed with dirt, and his left arm wounded. He speaks in the natural tone that an expected guest might use at a tea party.

"Father, I have come to you for sanctuary. Once you promised that when my heart was heavy I might be welcomed here."

What course can the good father choose? As in many a similar instance the loving, brooding sympathy of the priest controls him rather than the grim adherence to justice that a citizen should practice.

"Enter, my son."

"I had worked all night and could not shake off the Police. When the dawn came they were quite close. It was hard work without a horse but the

ELSA FERGUSON, WHO APPEARS AS "JEN", THE HEROINE OF "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

cards were with me. Then I remembered your words and came."

But Pierre is not allowed to be secure long. Even before he finishes speaking an imperative rap is heard on the outer door. "Tom," cries Jen in apprehension as the Sergeant's stalwart form fills the doorway.

Last night, for love of Jen, the Sergeant allowed Pierre to escape. For the first time in fifteen years of service, he deliberately betrayed his duty. Now he has tracked Pierre fairly and he can recompense his conscience by arresting Pierre on the spot.

And Pierre would go with him. What matter! It is on the cards.

Jen steps between them. "Listen to me, Tom," she pleads. She tells him that he owes his own life to Pierre. Tom was the first Police to descend the path to the hollow the previous night, and he would have been the first to fall under Pierre's shot. "You must give him *his* chance for life, now, Tom," she concludes.

The Sergeant considers. It is physical and mental agony for him to break discipline. Then a great light illumines the situation in his mind. He has solved his problem.

"He may go, Jen. But I can remain no longer in the service. I shall give up my command to-day. And then we'll start out into the great world together, you and I."

The little group is silent. All three are receptive enough to comprehend what the sacrifice of his work means to a man as vigorous and ambitious as Tom. And in that clear instant Pierre realizes the depth of the sacrificing love which binds Jen and the Sergeant together. He has lost.

Tom extends his hand to Jen. "Come."

Jen hesitates. "Let me say farewell to Pierre alone."

When the priest and Tom have withdrawn, she urged Pierre to meet Val over the border line, for Val is his friend. "Fate will be kind to you. You deserve so much of life."

Pierre shrugs his shoulders.

"Life is only a little thing, ma cherie. A little joy, a little pain—that is all. To-day the sunshine and to-morrow nothing. For me it is all in the past. The future means little.

"Once, long, ago, there was a boy and girl and I said I would make the boy for my friend and the girl to love me, but I was a fool. Love is not a thing on earth to be given at one's will. We can give our life but we cannot give our love. The boy I have made my friend—but you——"

"I trust you."

"I am sure. But in every man's life there comes a time when he meets the two trails, one is for good and the other is for bad, though he may not know that, but whichever trail he takes he must go on to the end for there is no turning back, and your trail is not mine, ma cherie.

"But I have learned that the world is not all bad. There are many things beside love and hate, and always I shall remember the boy who is my friend and the little girl who trusted me."

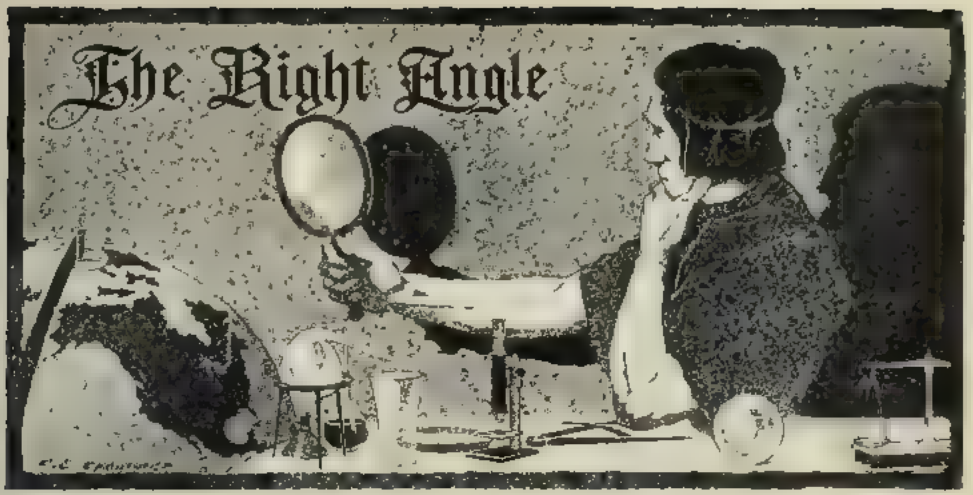
She lingers a moment in the doorway. "You have time to reach the border, if you start now, for Tom and I will ride to the fort *very slowly*."

She is gone.

Over the border is safety and a friend; here there is nothing for Pierre; even Tom's protection will expire in a few hours. "Shall I go?" he asks himself, whimsically.

Then, as always, the true gambler's instinct prompts him.

He draws the pack of cards from his pocket.



DR. JOHNSTON'S REMARKABLE CAREER

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, of the Presbyterian Church at Rounthwaite, Manitoba, whose earnest letter on Mr. Hough's book, "The Sowing," appears in this number, is peculiarly qualified to speak on that subject. For three years he was concerned in the active work of the London City Mission, laboring among the densest slums of the capitol of the Empire. He knows the East End of London as a man knows his home or his office. Then for three years he did similar work in Glasgow and Greenock. He talks of the conditions of the very poor as one who knows, from intimate personal knowledge and experience.

Mr. Johnston comes from a race of soldiers. He has a brother an officer in the Household Cavalry, while another is a distinguished African explorer. He has himself spent the best years of his life in the army, as volunteer chaplain and doctor, for he is a qualified medical man as well as minister. He was the warm personal friend of Gordon, the soldier-Christian hero of Khartoum, and was with the relief expedition that was frustrated of its object by the treachery of the Mahdi's adherents within the gates of the besieged city. When the revolution broke out in Hayti, Mr. Johnston was stationed in Jamaica and was requested by the British Government to go to the neighboring island to secure from the revolutionists humane treatment for British subjects. When the Spanish general was shot down in the attack on Port au Prince, it was Mr. Johnston who led the charge of the Spanish troops that attacked the revolutionist stronghold, the capture of which marked the collapse of the insurrection. He was at the attack, too, on Dargai Heights in India Piper Cockburn, whose pipes continued to skirl the "Cock of the North," when he was shot through both legs and was unable to climb the rocky fastness with his brother Highlanders, was a member of Mr. Johnston's flock, both in India and in Inverness.

Mr. Johnston has been several times wounded in action. A bayonet wound in the chest compels him to live in the dry, healthful air of Manitoba. His hardships in the field and his unremitting devotion to his work have undermined his health, and now preclude his accepting, as he did after his retirement from the army, any important city charge.

Mr. Johnston's prominence is not confined either to the church or the army. He was honored by the personal friendship of Carlyle, Tennyson, Gladstone, Drummond, and many other distinguished men. In a quiet country parish duties, or while driving over the prairies to minister to the spiritual needs of sturdy, self-reliant and prosperous Manitoba farmers, he can not only recall scenes that stir the

SAINT NIHAL SINGH

blood and memories of cruelty and of heroism, but also of such intellectual fellowships and communions as are the privilege of but very few.

"REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

DO the reading people of England know Canada best in official and authentic aspects, or by the books of Jack London? Which is best known there; Mr. Bruce Walker's interesting and intensely human true story in his report to the Department of the Interior, or Rudyard Kipling's "My Lady of the Snows"?

Here is the sin and the sore. The writers are wilfully blind to Canada, east and west and south. They "see things" in a part of the far north. The great big Canada that counts might as well not exist at all, for all they seem to know of it. It has romance and interest, of course, but not of their rough kind. So from out a dreary northland limbo they drag appalling facts and fancies that intertwist and whirl through their pages until they cannot be distinguished one from the other; and in this dance of the north, having "Canada" for its theatre, peaceful, comfortable, prosperous Canada stands forth to all the peoples of the earth as a desolation that either howls or is frozen dumb, as best may suit the particular romance of the moment.

The reform of the Canada romancist will not be complete when he merely corrects his looseness of detail. He must define himself and his knowledge in exact terms, and then if he wants to write about Canada let him write of the Canada that exists.

"THE HINDU IN CANADA"

"NATIONHOOD for India" is the somewhat difficult proposition Mr. Saint Nihal Singh is promoting at large. "An equal chance for the Hindu in the Empire" is a sub-phase to which he devotes attention here in Canada. Mr. Singh's article in this number of CANADA-WEST postulates an equality for Hindus with Germans and Scandinavians, and his argument is ingenuous at least—and earnest

Mr. Singh is an unusual personality. He comes of a good family in Raval Pindi, the largest cantonment in India, and a town of considerable population. At the age of seventeen he found the metier of his life, and left home to advance the interests of his people in the world abroad. Since that time he has travelled almost incessantly, writing, speaking, everywhere proclaiming the awakening of India, and doing his best to advance what he believes to be its newer rights and ultimate destiny. His itinerary has taken him through Japan and China, across Europe and into Canada and the United States. For the last few years he has given most of his time to the Canadian field, and here he has been widely heard and read

His first contact with those Canadian conditions that touched upon his purposes and the future of the Hindu people here was in Vancouver. After familiarizing himself with those conditions by investigation among the Hindu, Japanese and Chinese immigrants, he addressed himself to the public, commanding instant attention. Thence he came east, and found large audiences wherever he stopped. He soon came into request as a contributor on Indian subjects to many of the leading periodicals published in Canada,

England and the United States. Through these media, as well as through his appearances as a lecturer, Mr. Singh has become a recognized authority on this particular topic, and finds himself busy with voice and pen, in a large and important way, all the time

Mr. Singh has won success in a somewhat recondite field, at an early stage in his life. He is only some thirty years of age.

"A REAL NOISE"

OSBORNE SCOTT, of the Canadian Northern Railway, says: "CANADA-WEST is a real magazine and makes a noise like one" Here is a beautiful blending of obvious fact and compliment with a split-end. But it is handsomely intended, and accepted in the spirit of the intent.

In that same spirit let it be said that Mr. Scott makes a noise like the Giant's Causeway. He is a real railway man, a real judge of magazines, and the noise he makes is true, no matter what it is "like".

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

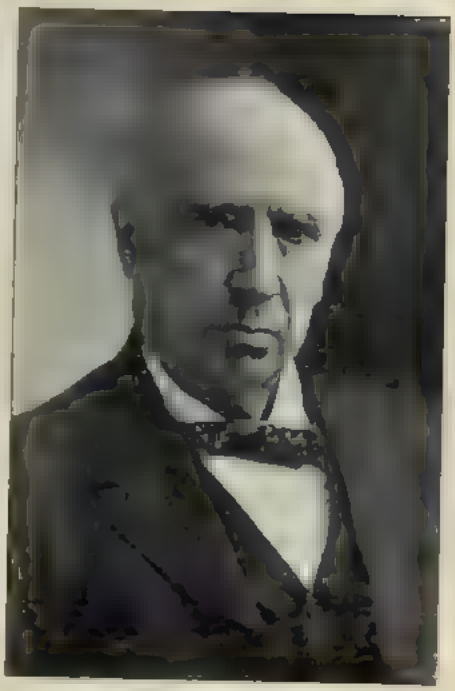
SIXTY-ONE years at the head of a concern founded by himself is the record of one business man out of thousands. John McClary, President of the McClary Manufacturing Company, born January 2, 1829, created in his youth the great house that bears his name, and has built it up from small beginnings until its branches cover the whole Dominion, from the Maritime Provinces to the farthest West.

The home establishment of the McClary Manufacturing Company, and its central plant, are in London, Ontario. Its operations are broad and colossal now, but the hand that gave their first impulsion is still upon the lever. There are men in the works who were there sixty years ago, and records of forty and twenty years are many.

It is the hope of everyone that this fine, vigorous man of eighty, whose birthday is January 2nd, may live to reach par at least

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

IN a Tercentenary editorial in the *Toronto World*, the following paragraph appeared:



JOHN McCLARY

"The only Canadian work which has philosophical dignity in dealing with native history is a series of volumes, entitled "The Makers of Canada," the aim of which is to trace the evolution of the Canadian people, or, as we shall now say, the Canadian nation, still in the making, through the lives and personal efforts of the men who gave it being."

It is now five years since the first volume, "The Life of Lord Elgin," of this justly celebrated series appeared. The eighteenth volume, "The Life of Sir James Douglas," is now before us, and in material form, in editorship, in historical fulness and character delineation it ranks high in a series that marks an epoch in the study of Canadian history and in Canadian book-making.

The volume can scarcely be called a Life of Douglas. It is more than that. It is a complete history of the Pacific Coast, and an account of British Columbia from the earliest days to the settlement of the Alaskan Boundary Question. Through it all, however, save in the two opening chapters, Douglas serves as the centre about which the historical events cluster.

His stern, upright character dominated men and affairs until he retired to private life immediately before Confederation.

The authors of this book are R. H. Coats, of Ottawa, and R. E. Gosnell, of British Columbia. It was a happy inspiration on the part of the editors to assign this work to these two men. Mr. Coats is a writer of experience. In Ottawa, with the Parliamentary Library and the Archives at hand, he has had opportunities of studying the great national and international questions dealt with in the volume in a way he could not have done had he been living in British Columbia; and he has made excellent use of his opportunities. Mr. Gosnell, on the other hand, is a resident of British Columbia, and was able to collect material on the scene of Douglas' labors and to give local color of a valuable kind to the volume.

In a brief note such as this, it is impossible to do adequate justice to this interesting Life. One quotation will serve to show something of its power. John McLoughlin and James Douglas were the two dominating men on the Pacific Coast, and the following contrast of their characters gives a fair idea of the forceful manner in which the entire book is written:

"But from the list of all that generation" (the early directors of the Hudson's Bay Company), "two names stand out pre-eminently in the history of the up-building of the Pacific Slope—McLoughlin and Douglas. Occasion more than once will be offered in the following pages to note the striking personality of the former of these great men. He was the founder and the patriarch—the first great leader of the company in Oregon. He made the career of Douglas, who was his friend and follower, possible. The superior of his disciple in all that touched the human and the lovable; magnetic, impulsive, eager; Napoleonic in the swiftness of his judgments and of his movements to execute them; resolute, brave and chivalrous, McLoughlin was swept from his feet in the end by a movement that struck at his emotions and his sense of right—the right of the mass as opposed to that of individual interests. . . . . Douglas, his successor, less keen and restless; of an order of genius that had less perhaps of fire and humanity but more of purpose and obedience; studious, orderly, tactful and resourceful; commanding a rigid respect and admiration, if not love; one at all times master of himself and his surroundings, was undoubtedly the greater officer if not the greater man."

The two opening chapters contain a full account of the coastwise and overland exploration of the Pacific Slope. The body of the book is taken up with the career of Douglas. There is a powerful study of the Alaskan Boundary Question, a careful presentation of the events leading up to Confederation and the entrance of British Columbia into the Federal Union, and a closing chapter in which the main points of interest in the recent history of British Columbia are touched upon.

It is not too high praise to say that this "Life of Douglas" is the most important book yet produced dealing with the history of the westernmost Province of the great Dominion.

PETER McARTHUR'S SONG

DO YOU know that swinging song of Canada, "My Home"? Peter McArthur wrote it, and it is published by Whaley, Royce & Co., of Winnipeg and Toronto. Try it and you will agree it is good. The melody, scored for voice and piano, is by Miss M. F. E. Frerishs. The title page is illustrated with a strong and spirited drawing by C. W. Jefferys. In the flood of inane verse that pours across the music-counters, Mr. McArthur's well-conceived, well-rhymed and patriotic poem comes with something of a distinct relief.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Sowing Seeds in Danny." By Nellie L. McClung. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Sir James Douglas." By R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell. Morang & Co.

"The Cradle of New France." By Dr. A. G. Doughty, C. M. G. Montreal: The Cambridge Corp

"The Old Loyalist." By A. R. Davis. Toronto: William Briggs.

CONVOCATION OF ALBERTA UNIVERSITY

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

THE Province of Alberta, with the formal opening of its new University at Strathcona, has taken another decided step forward in its ambitious race with the older provinces of Canada.

Just how marked a step this is in the educational history of Edmonton itself is apparent from the remarks of Henry Fraser, an old-timer of the district. Convocation Day's array of men and women in university gowns, assembled in a hall decorated with several hundred electric lights, was a long way, he said, from Edmonton's first school opened scarcely fifty years ago by Father Lacombe and taught by an ecclesiastical student of the Oblate Order, named Scollen.

This school room was in one of the log houses built inside the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, which was then surrounded by a high stockade with a gallery for the sentinels and fortified bastions at each corner. Some of the pupils wore leggings of skin. They were mostly sons of the employees of the Company who had married native women. They had no desks, few books and quill pens. Ranged on the long benches they studied, recited and played tricks on their neighbors or teacher, for study had little charm for them except as another form of play.

And when school was out, Mr. Fraser recalls, these first school-children of Edmonton playing about within the stockade, would sometimes stop abruptly in their play, sniff the air and set off in wild glee toward the chimney from which an odor of baked flour was coming. Scones or biscuits were being baked on the coals of the broad hearth in that house, they knew, and as a great favor the mistress of it might give a small biscuit or even a half one to each boy. Salt to the desert people or tobacco to the Elizabethan English could not have been a greater treat Now, in less than fifty years University classes look out of their windows across the river to the site of the first school which was built within a stockaded, fortified trading-post.

The new University of Alberta has opened at Strathcona most auspiciously, with an income of $24,000 provided by the Provincial Government—with an exceedingly capable teaching staff and with thirty-seven bright pupils, of whom one is the premier's son, withdrawn from an eastern college. By this the premier, Hon. Dr. Rutherford, has shown his sturdy faith in an institution for which he has worked so devotedly that he may practically be called the Father of the University. It was he who introduced the University Act in 1906, and he is contributing a library of Canadian books worth $5,000. A site of over two hundred acres of land, beautifully situated on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, was secured last year for the University

Three hundred and sixty-four graduates of British and Canadian universities resident in Alberta constitute the members of the Convocation. The Senate or governing body is made up of fifteen men, ten of whom are appointed by the government and five are elected by the members of Convocation. The Chancellor is likewise elected

The president of the University, Dr Tory, is a native of Nova Scotia—the nursery of college presidents—and has been for some years a highly esteemed member of McGill faculty. Associated with him in the difficult task of forming the actual University are Professor L. H. Alexander, Prof. W. Muir Edwards and Prof. W. H. Alexander—three Canadians, together with Prof. Edmund K. Broadus, an American graduate of Harvard.

According to an old symbolism the new university's colors have been well chosen—there's green for hope, for optimism, and gold for the shining light of knowledge; or with a newer and more local interpretation—there's green for the wide prairies, the poplar bluffs and spruce forests of the West—and gold for its ripened grain. This last idea was brought out effectively on Convocation Day in the decorations of the hall. Fine yellow sheafs of grain lined the front of the stage where the dignitaries of the day sat, while sturdy young spruce trees overlaid with autumn-yellowed branches of the aspen bordered the stage.

As a foil to the woodland setting and to the very youthful students in their very new gowns there were the men on the platform—the members of the Senate, and a few others.

Presiding was the Chancellor, Mr. Justice Stuart of Calgary, a twentieth century man of the law with an unusual dark face like those which look out of Velasquez's paintings. Beside him sat the Lieutenant-Governor, an "old-timer" who has won merited distinction in the West, making a steady advance without any lime-light brilliance through the long years of depression before the prairie provinces came to be on every body's lips.

At the Chancellor's right, resplendent in a scarlet Doctor's gown, was the premier, Hon. Dr. Rutherford, bluff, earnest and most kindly, a politician of whom supporters and opponents speak with affectionate regard; a lawyer who used to advise his clients to settle out of court and avoid the law; a big-hearted boyish man with a weakness for old friends and old pipes and long pleasant chats, from which a disgruntled elector returns home more in love with his leader than ever—that is the type of Alberta's premier.

Beside him sat Chief Justice Sifton, one of the most remarkable legal minds the West has yet produced. On the bench he has the faculty of cleaving through technicalities, which visibly bore him, to the spirit of the law and the essential things. Languidly graceful and amiable in moments of relaxation his wit is rapierlike and would be stinging if it were not that it is so frequently impersonal.

Dr. Tory, the President, is a man of unbounded vitality and energy, an organizer par excellence and an optimist. Mr. Justice Beck, who is Vice-Chancellor of the University, is a fine-looking man of English type—although Mr. Justice Beck is a native of Canada. To such a man the lure of the West must primarily be only the opportunity of fortune-building that will enable him to retire at some later day to cultured and comfortable circles in Eastern Canada or England. But such a degree of culture and comfort has grown up in the West that it trapped the "alien spirit" and held him here.

One figure on the platform to which the whole audience warmed—for all the world loves a humorist—was P. J. Nolan, K.C., of Calgary. That is his name in cold print. It is strangely unfamiliar though, for it was as Paddy Nolan that this young Irish lawyer, built on "massive Corinthian lines" as he describes himself, first won the heart of the West—and still holds it. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and unedited would have adorned the sparkling pages of Lever.

Still another member of the Senate present that day was John A. McDougall, one of the millionaires of the west, who came in by a Red River cart a quarter of a century ago with his capital lying in a brave heart and unerring business judgment. Now in his days of golden leisure, indulging his taste for travel and the possession of objects of the fine arts that are the flowering of civilization; unassuming, reticent but exceedingly energetic, he is a striking type of a man who has "made good" in the west. Others of the appointed members of the Senate are Rev. Dr. Riddell, a live educationist and principal of Alberta College; R. J. Hutchings, of Calgary, a wealthy manufacturer, another of the men who have "made good"; J. J. Gaetz, a member of a pioneer family that has done much for one section of Alberta; E. K. Strathy, a prominent banker and member of a well-known Canadian

SENATE OF ALBERTA UNIVERSITY

Front row (left to right): J. H. Riddell, D.D.; Hon. A. C. Rutherford, LL.D., Premier of Alberta; H. M. Tory, LL.D., President of the University of Alberta; Hon. Mr. Justice Stuart; Hon. Mr. Justice Beck; John A. McDougall.

Back row (left to right) O. Boyd, M.D.; Harold W. Riley; W. S. Galbraith, M.D.; W. D. Ferris, M.D.; R. J. Hutchings; G. A. Kennedy, M.D.; George Harcourt, B.S.A.; J. J. Gaetz; Jas. McCaig, M.A.; P. J. Nolan, M.A., K.C.

(Copies of this portrait (enlarged to 18x12) taken at 11 a.m. on Convocation Day were on the streets for sale at 2 p.m. on the same day—all the work being done by the local photographer of the young town, Strathcona.)

family, and three physicians, public-spirited men who have interested themselves in the upbuilding of the province—Dr. Brett, of Banff, Dr. Boyd and Dr. Galbraith.

Of the elected memkers—G. A. Kennedy, M.D.; W. D. Ferris, M.D.; R. S. Jenkins, M.A.; George Harcourt, B.S.A., and J. McCaig, M.A.—the last is a Superintendent of Schools, who is quietly at work in Edmonton building up a superb city school system. George Harcourt is the Prof. Robertson of Western Canada, a man who as an administrative head of Alberta's Department of Agriculture, is carrying on a campaign for good farming and intelligent farmers such as few lands have ever witnessed. Harold Riley, the debonnair sercetary of the governing board, is a type of the western gentleman of which the West is proud.

Although so young an institution this University of Alberta asserted its constitutional powers by conferring several degrees. Lieut.-Governor Bulyea and Hon. Dr. Rutherford each received the degree of LL.D., while on Chief Justice Sifton was bestowed the degree of D.C.L. The members of Convocation—including thirty-two women and three hundred and thirty-two men, with a variety of degrees representing practically every degree conferred by universities—received "ad eundem gradum" degrees admitting them on their previous rank to the new institution.

From the school-room in the stockaded fort under the benevolent shadow of the "Big Company" to the foundation of a new University is a long way in achievement, but only half a century in time. What the University of Alberta will be in fifty years is a subject to pique the imagination!

90-HORSE

REDD—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind.

Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.

"I see that Doughby has endowed a hospital!"

"He must be going to purchase an auto!"

Knicker—Jones is wrapped up in his auto.

Bocker — When did the accident occur?

Employer—Have you any qualifications which make you think you will succeed as a chauffeur?

Applicant—Yes; I can see a policeman ten blocks away.

Redd—What kind of a machine have you got now?

Greene—A runabout. It will run about a block and then stop.

PRACTICAL PRAYER

A LITTLE girl's bad brother set a trap to catch birds. She knew it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, altogether inexcusable from her point of view.

She wept at first; then her mother later noticed that she had become cheerful once more.

"What did you do?" asked the mother.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?"

"I prayed that he would not catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"*Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces.*"

PESSIMISM

KNICKER—Man is born to trouble.

Bocker—Yes, if you try to picnic it rains, and if you eat indoors the cook leaves.

THE FUMES MUST BETRAY IT

LITTLE Robert returned from Sunday School weary and disgusted. His mother inquired:

"Didn't you have a nice Sunday School lesson, dear? Tell mother about what you learned."

Robert heaved a deep sigh, then vouchsafed:

"Oh, he just talked a lot about heaven and hell—and mother, do you believe there is a hell? I don't; 'cause if there was you could smell it."

CONCHOLOGICAL

"STILL trying to muster up courage to propose to the girl, are you, Algy? Don't be a clam."

"Deah boy, I cawn't be a clam, don't you know. She says I'm a lobstah."

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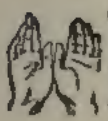

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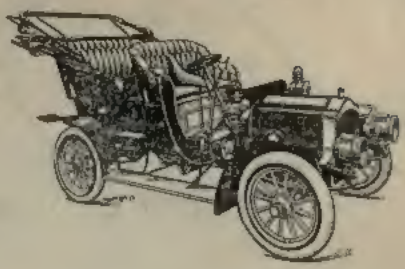

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